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CLASSICS
OLD AND NEW

A THIRD READER

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CLASSICS OLD AND NEW

A Series of School Readers

BY

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN, LL.D.

A THIRD READER

NEW YORK ·:· CINCINNATI ·:· CHICAGO
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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E-P 4

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PREFACE

The classics presented in this volume have been selected from the standard literature of today and carefully arranged and graded to meet the mental development of pupils. In making these selections, great care has been taken to choose only those which are in themselves bright and attractive, and upon subjects of interest to children. Equal care has been taken to use only such as are written in words that come within the child's vocabulary and in a simple style, with no involved thought or difficult sentence structure. These selections may be classified as follows:

Legends	History and Biography
Fairy Tales	Story and Adventure
Stories of Animal Life	Poems of the Seasons
Information	Miscellaneous Poems

Descriptions of People and Homes of Other Lands

This reader is based upon the vocabulary of the two books of the series which precede it. New words not found in the vocabularies of those two books are placed in word lists at the head of the lesson where they first occur. In schools where reading is taught either by the word or the sentence method, this arrangement is necessary. In schools where the phonic method has been used, it is equally valuable, because a previous study of the new word gives him that confidence without which no child can read with expression.

A series of school readers is the beginning, and, it is unfortunately true, often the end of a pupil's literary culture. It is desirable, therefore, not only that real literature should be given him, but that the name and a few facts about the author should be associated with each selection. For this reason, a brief, interesting note about the author and his works will be found at the

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close of each selection. These biographical sketches are written in the vocabulary of this book and are to be studied by the class. In addition to the selections given, other stories or poems by the same author, suitable for reading by pupils, are suggested.

At frequent intervals through the volume, language lessons are given which furnish a systematic language drill, without any attempt whatever to teach technical grammar. The suggestions of each language lesson should not be limited in application to the story under which it is found, but should be judiciously used by teachers as an exercise with other reading lessons.

Each colored illustration teaches its own lesson and has an educational value. These illustrations give pictures of the people, costumes, and homes of other lands, and are of geographic or historic interest.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to publishers whose kindness has permitted us to use copyrighted material. In most instances special acknowledgments are made in connection with the selection and in the biographical sketch of the author. Among those not included in this way are: "Thinking Only of Myself," by Hezekiah Butterworth, published by Dana Estes and Company; "To Thomas Archer," by Robert Louis Stevenson, and "Moto's Elephant Hunt," by Henry M. Stanley, both published by Charles Scribner's Sons, and "School in the Philippine Islands," by Adeline Knapp, published by Silver, Burdett and Company.

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THIRD READER

Japan	bamboo	whether	movement
during	sleeves	holiday	hopscotch
temple	kimono	manners	bead-like

CHILDREN IN JAPAN.

If you wish to see the children of Japan, let us take a little walk. We pass through a street shaded by cherry

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trees, and soon reach a temple. Here are pretty grounds with many trees.

The grounds are filled with children at play, and women talking.

The women carry their babies with them. Each little one is tied in a fold of his mother's loose coat, or gown, and carried on her back. It is in such a place that all babies live in Japan.

If the mother is busy indoors, the baby is fastened on the back of an older brother or sister.

Sometimes this brother or sister is but little older than the baby. We shall see hundreds of children not more than five or six years of age, carrying, on their small shoulders, the baby of the house.

The baby is often fast asleep, and his tiny, smooth, brown head swings here and there with every movement of his small nurse.

The nurse walks, runs, sits, and jumps, flies kites, plays hopscotch, and fishes for frogs, never thinking whether the baby is sleeping or waking.

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The little boys and girls of Japan are gentle in manners, and look very pretty in their wide sleeves and flowing kimonos. They have pretty feet and hands, and bead-like black eyes, which look at you without fear or shyness.

The children have their own holidays. The third day of the third month is the yearly holiday for all little girls. Then everybody buys for them toys like the things in their houses.

The great day of the boys falls on the fifth day of the fifth month. Then from the door of every house in which boys have been born during the past seven years, rises a tall bamboo pole.

At the top of the pole float huge fish of all colors, mostly purple and gold, and there is one fish for each son in the family.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD (Adapted).

When Sir Edwin Arnold was yet a student in college at Oxford in 1852, he won a prize for a poem called "The Feast of Belshazzar." He traveled in India, Japan, and other countries of the East, and wrote much about them. His greatest poem is "The Light of Asia." "Children in Japan" is taken from the book called "Japonica," which is published in this country by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Write the date of the third day of the third month.
Write the date of the fifth day of the fifth month.
Change these questions to statements:

1. Are the grounds filled with children?
2. Is the baby tied in a fold of his mother's coat?
3. Shall we see hundreds of children?

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foam	abroad	scarlet	ostrich	foreign
Sioux	proper	curious	Japanee	wearied

FOREIGN CHILDREN.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
Oh! don't you wish that you were me?

You have seen the scarlet trees
And the lions over seas;
You have eaten ostrich eggs,
And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine,
But it's not so nice as mine;
You must often, as you trod,
Have wearied *not* to be abroad.

You have curious things to eat,
I am fed on proper meat;

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You must dwell beyond the foam,
But I am safe and live at home.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
Oh! don't you wish that you were me?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

satin	handle	Britain	precious
means	matter	wounded	Excalibur
sorely	Merlin	scabbard	cut-steel

KING ARTHUR AND THE SWORD EXCALIBUR.

Now it happened after Arthur had become King of Britain, that he met a strange knight upon the road, and broke his sword in battle with him.

As he rode away wounded from the battle, Arthur said to his friend Merlin, "Now I have no sword. What shall I do?"

"Do not fear," said Merlin. "Near by is a sword that shall be yours."

So they rode till they came to a lake, which was a fair water—very beautiful and broad. In the middle of the lake, King Arthur saw an arm clothed in white satin, holding above the water a bright sword.

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"Lo, yonder is the sword of which I spoke," said Merlin.

Just then they saw a lady on the lake.

"Who is that?" said Arthur.

"That is the Lady of the Lake," said Merlin. "She will come to you, and then you can ask her to give you that sword."

Soon she came, and King Arthur bowed to her. "Lady," said he, "what sword is that, which the white arm holds shining above the water? I would it were mine, for I have no sword."

"Sir King," said the lady, "that sword is mine, and if you will give me a gift when I ask it of you, you shall have it."

The king agreed to this. Then the lady told him to

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step into a boat that was near, and row out and get the sword and its scabbard.

King Arthur and Merlin at once tied their horses, got into the boat, and rowed toward the sword. When they came to it, the king took it by the handle, and carried it away with him. The arm and hand went under the water.

Merlin told the king that the name of the sword was Excalibur, which means cut-steel. He also told him that the scabbard was more precious than the sword, for while he wore the scabbard he could lose no blood, no matter even if he were sorely wounded.

SIR THOMAS MALORY (Adapted).

Sir Thomas Malory probably lived in Wales, and must have known from his childhood many of the stories of King Arthur.

His book about Arthur and his knights was one of the first to be printed in the English language. The stories of "Arthur and the Sword" (Second Reader), "Excalibur," and "Sir Galahad" (page 36), may be found in "The Boy's King Arthur," or in some other book of the same tales.

Change these statements to questions:

1. The name of the sword is Excalibur.
2. The king was wounded in battle.
3. King Arthur saw an arm clothed in white satin.
4. The scabbard was more precious than the sword.

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fact	camel	serving	alligator
duty	toiled	thicket	dangerous
tiger	jungle	caravan	surrounded

THINKING ONLY OF MYSELF.

I

Once there was a man that thought his whole duty was in serving himself. This he did, and became very poor.

In fact, the more he toiled, the poorer he became. At last he found himself, his wife, and his children without a single cent.

So he went to a wise man to seek his fate. This wise man lived in a forest temple far, far away, and the journey to this temple was rough and dangerous.

In the jungle the poor man met a camel with two sacks of treasure on his back. "Where are you going?" asked the camel.

"To seek my fate," said the man.

"Ask mine, too," said the camel. "I was lost from the caravan, and I have carried these sacks of gold on my back for twelve years. I cannot lie down. Ask mine, too."

"I will," said the man. And he went on.

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Then he came to a wide river in which was a great alligator.

"Take me across," said the man.

"I will," said the alligator. "Where are you going?"

"To seek my fate."

"Ask mine, too. For twelve years I have had a burning pain, and I cannot rest. Ask mine, too."

"I will," said the man. And he went on his way.

As he journeyed, he found a tiger lying in a thicket in great pain. He was surrounded by the treasures of the men that he had eaten.

"Where are you going?" asked the tiger.

"To seek my fate."

"Ask mine, also, for I have had this thorn in my foot for twelve years. I cannot rest. Ask mine, also."

"I will," said the man.

herbs	priest	hastened
ruby	wealth	relieved

THINKING ONLY OF MYSELF.

II

At last the man reached the temple of fate.

"What do you here?" asked the wise old priest.

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"I seek my fate. I have twelve children, and am very poor."

"Then you must have been living only for yourself. Think only of making others rich, and you will become rich yourself."

Then the man asked the fate of the camel.

"Take the sacks off his back, and both of you will be relieved. Why did you not do it before?"

"I was thinking only of myself," said the man.

Then he asked the fate of the alligator.

"Give him herbs," said the priest, "and both of you will be relieved. Why did you not do it before?"

"I was thinking only of myself." Then he asked the fate of the tiger.

"Take the thorn out of his foot, and both of you will be relieved. Why did you not think of that before?"

"I was thinking only of myself," said the man.

Then the man returned to the tiger.

"Have you found my fate?" asked the tiger.

The man drew the thorn out of the tiger's foot, and started to go on.

"Here, take the treasure," said the tiger. "I did not think of it before." So the man took the treasure, and hastened to the river where he had seen the alligator.

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"Have you found my fate?" asked the alligator. "I am burning up."

The man found a few herbs, and gave them to the alligator. They made the alligator sick, and he cast up a ruby.

The man started on.

"Stop," said the alligator, "and take the ruby. It will make you rich."

The man took the ruby. He came at last to the camel.

"Have you found my fate?" asked the camel.

The man took the two sacks from the camel's back, and started on.

"Stop!" said the camel. "These sacks are full of gold. Take them, and both of us will be happy."

The man took the sacks of gold. By the time that he reached home, he was so rich that it took all his twelve children to help him to use his wealth.

This wealth was always used for the good of others, so that the man might not again become poor. And he never again did become poor.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH (Hindoo Legend).

Hezekiah Butterworth was for many years one of the editors of the *Youth's Companion,* and through its pages was very well known to young people. He was fond of taking long journeys, and of writing about them. Twelve of his books, called "Zigzag Journeys," give interesting stories of travel.

Mr. Butterworth's first home was in Rhode Island; his later home, in Boston.

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hither ambition

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat—
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall we see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets—
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

William Shakespeare is the most famous of all English writers. He lived three hundred years ago, during the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James I.

Shakespeare's writings consist of poetry and dramas. "Under the Greenwood Tree" is from the play "As You Like It." Some of these plays have been written as tales by Charles and Mary Lamb.

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least

doubt

crotch

United

States

believe

rescued

sniffed

managed

roasted

Mitchell

although

LITTLE MITCHELL.

I

Baby Mitchell was an August squirrel. That is, he was born in the month of August.

His pretty gray mother found a nice hole, high up in the crotch of a tall chestnut tree, for her baby's nest. Then she lined it with soft fur plucked from her own loving little breast, for that is the way the squirrel mothers do.

This chestnut tree grew in a great forest on the side of a steep mountain, named Mount Mitchell. This is the highest mountain peak in all the eastern half of the United States. It is in North Carolina, where there are many beautiful mountains, and is one of the most beautiful of them all.

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One night the little gray bunny mother did not come home, and the baby in the old chestnut tree became hungry and cried all night. No doubt he was cold, too, for he had no little furry mother to curl herself about him and keep him warm.

Little Mitchell was only two or three days old, and did not have his eyes open, yet when morning came, he felt so bad, that he climbed up to the crotch of the tree to find out what he could. Then he tried to walk out into space, and down he fell.

He caught at the tree-trunk with his little claws, and in that way managed to get hold of a piece of loose bark. There he clung, frightened, and crying like a baby—which, indeed, he was.

Then a lady, who was climbing to the top of Mount Mitchell, came along, found the baby squirrel, and rescued him. She took him with her, and, although she was on a journey, she gave him the best of care.

She used to give him warm milk out of a spoon three or four times a day. Every day he took a little more, and every day he grew a little larger.

When he was older, she one day brought him some chestnuts. They were the very first to get ripe. She did not give them to Little Mitchell until she had roasted them in the hot ashes, and made them quite soft.

Then she gave him one, and the baby took it in his hands, sat up as well as he could, and looked very wise indeed.

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But he was just making believe, for he did not know in the least what to do with that nut.

He sniffed at it, but seemed to have no idea what was inside, until the lady opened it for him. Then he ate a piece of it, gnawing it with his four little front teeth, and liked it very much.

Every day after that he had roasted chestnuts with his milk. Soon he learned to know them with the shell on, and to take it off. He would bite it loose, and then give it a fling that sent it ever so far.

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knee
patch
lonely
traveled

chincapin
succeeded
scampered
scrambled

LITTLE MITCHELL.

II

As they traveled on, they came to the chincapin country, and stopped to gather some chincapins, for they were ripe. What *are* chincapins? Why, don't you know? All the children that live in the South know what chincapins are. They are not berries! No, guess again.

Yes, nuts; little shiny brown nuts, like baby chestnuts. The mountain children often string them for beads, because they are so pretty.

The chincapins grow in little burrs, like tiny chestnut burrs; but there is only one nut in a burr instead of two or three, and they grow on bushes or little trees, with leaves like chestnut leaves, only smaller.

Mitchell liked the nuts, which are very sweet, and he could crack them for himself, because the shells are soft, like chestnut shells. So he sat on the lady's knee in the chincapin patch, and cracked chincapins. When he had succeeded in getting a shell off, he would give it a toss that sent it far away.

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Once when Little Mitchell had grown to be quite a squirrel, the lady thought that perhaps he was old enough to take care of himself, and would like to be set free in the woods. That, you know, is the best home for the little squirrel folk.

When he had finished his dinner of chestnuts that day, the lady put him down on the ground near a little tree. Then she went back to the place where she had been sitting, and left him.

Little Mitchell first looked around at the big, wild lonely forest, and then at his dear lady. As soon as he could think, he ran and scrambled and scampered as fast as his legs could carry him—not up the tree, oh, no, indeed!—but straight back to his lady.

He climbed into her lap, stuck his head up her sleeve, and seemed glad to be with her again. She then made up her mind to take care of him, and when she went to her home in the North, Little Mitchell went with her and lived with her.

MARGARET WARNER MORLEY (*Abridged*).

For the later training and adventures of Little Mitchell, you must read "The Story of a Mountain Squirrel." A. C. McClurg and Company are the publishers. Miss Morley, who wrote this charming book, was born in Iowa.

Some of her other books are "A Song of Life," "The Bee People," "The Honey Makers," "Seed Babies," and "Wasps and Their Ways."

Copy:	north	the North	king	King Arthur
	west	the West	queen	Queen Bess

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flare torches distant homeward
noontide contented street-lamps

GOLDENROD.

Spring is the morning of the year,
And summer is the noontide bright;
The autumn is the evening clear
That comes before the winter's night.

And in the evening, everywhere
Along the roadside, up and down,
I see the golden torches flare,
Like lighted street-lamps in the town.

I think the butterfly and bee,
From distant meadows coming back,
Are quite contented when they see
These lamps along the homeward track.

But those who stay too late get lost;
For when the darkness falls about,
Down every lighted street the frost
Will go and put the torches out!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

Frank Dempster Sherman, who is a professor of architecture in Columbia University, has written many beautiful poems for children. "Goldenrod" and others are to be found in "Little Folk Lyrics."

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obey	aisles	Tahiti	fashion
style	stilts	Europe	observed
knock	reason	clothes	delicious

TO THOMAS ARCHER.

Island of Tahiti, November, 1888.

Dear Tomarcher,—This is a much better place for children than any I have hitherto seen in these seas. The girls, and sometimes the boys, play a very grand kind of hopscotch.

The boys play horses just as we do in Europe. They also have very good fun on stilts, trying to knock each other down, in which they do not often succeed.

The children of all ages go to church, and are allowed to do what they please, running about the aisles, rolling

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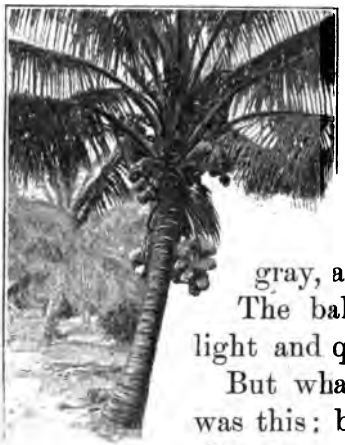
balls, stealing mamma's bonnet and sitting on it, and at last going to sleep in the middle of the floor.



I forgot to say that the whips to play horse, and the balls to roll about the church grow ready-made on trees. The whips are so good that I wanted to play horses myself; but no such luck! my hair is gray, and I am a great, big, ugly man. The balls are rather hard, but very light and quite round.

But what I really wanted to tell you was this: besides the tree-top toys (Hush-a-by, toy-shop, on the tree-top!), I have seen some real *made* toys, the first observed in the South Seas. This was how. You are to think of a four-wheeled gig; one horse; in the front seat two Tahiti persons, in their Sunday clothes, blue coat, white shirt, kilt of blue stuff with big white or yellow flowers, legs and feet bare; in the back seat me and my wife, who is a friend of yours. We have straw hats, for the sun is strong.

We drive between the sea and the mountains. The road is cut through a forest mostly of fruit trees. The very creepers are heavy with a great and delicious fruit, bigger than your head and far nicer.

Presently we came to a house in a pretty garden, quite by itself, very nicely kept, the doors and windows open,

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no one about, and no noise but that of the sea. It looked like a house in a fairy tale. Just beyond we had to ford a river, and there we saw the people.

In the mouth of the river, where it met the sea waves, the children were ducking and bathing and screaming together like a flock of birds: seven or eight little brown boys and girls as happy as the day was long; and on the banks of the stream beside them, real toys — toy ships, full rigged, with their sails set, though they were lying in the dust on their beam ends.

* * * * * * *

You may care to hear, Tomarcher, about the children in these parts; their parents obey them; they do not obey their parents; and I am sorry to tell you (for I dare say you are already thinking the idea a good one) that it does not pay one halfpenny.

There are three ways of living, Tomarcher: the real old-fashioned one, in which children had to find out how to please their dear papas, or their dear papas cut their heads off. This style did very well, but is now out of fashion.

Then there is the style that is followed in Europe; in this, children have to behave pretty well, go to school, and so on, or their dear papas *will know the reason why*. This does fairly well.

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Then there is the South Sea Island plan, which does not do one bit. The children beat their parents here; it does not make their parents any better; so do not try it.

Remember us all to all of you, and believe me, yours,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Robert Louis Stevenson's home was in Scotland, but his health was always poor, and he traveled a great deal. At last he went to live on an island in the Pacific Ocean.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S ISLAND HOME.

Many of the things that Mr. Stevenson thought, felt, and did when he was a boy he has told about in a little book, "The Child's Garden." The poems, "The Swing" [First Reader], "Foreign Children" (p. 12), and "The Land of Story Books" [Second Reader] are found in that book. "Treasure Island" and the "Black Arrow" were written by Mr. Stevenson especially for children.

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terror	fetched	invited	relations
dainty	several	plunging	screeching
surface	noticed	tadpoles	Quackalina

QUACKALINA.

Quackalina, as the old duck at the farm was called, was having trouble. This trouble may be said to have begun in her nest.

In the first place, the farmer's boy had kept her sitting of eggs down to ten by taking one out every day. Then he chose to take her ten beautiful eggs and put them under the guinea-hen, while he fetched the sitting of twenty guinea eggs for Quackalina to hatch.

When the eggs were hatched, Quackalina knew that the first glance into the nest must bring her sorrow. At last the moment came, and she really looked down into the nest. Then it was at least a relief to her to find the nest full of beautiful feathered things.

Little guineas are beautiful, and Quackalina could not help a feeling of pleasure and pride, when she presently found herself crossing the yard, with her twenty dainty, red-booted children.

It was quite in order, to be sure, that she should hurry to the pond with her brood. Would she not have taken her own ducklings there? When she reached the pond, she flapped her tired wings three times for pure gladness at the sight of the beautiful water.

Plunging in, Quackalina took one delightful dive

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before she turned to the shore. Then in the sweetest tones she invited the little ones to follow her.

But they — well, they just looked down at their red satin boots and shook their heads. Then it was that Quackalina noticed their feet, and saw that they could never swim.

So she waddled out on the grassy bank, and began to feed them. She gave them some tadpoles, a few blue-bottle flies, and a snail, and several other choice bits, which the guineas seemed to enjoy as much as if they had been young ducks.

When Quackalina saw that they were quite happy, she started for the very middle of the pond. Oh, how sweet the water was! And now—and now—and now— as she dived and dipped and plunged—how it cheered and comforted her heart!

And now comes the glad part of the story. At last Quackalina, turning, said to herself, "I must go ashore

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now and look after my step-children." She raised her eyes and looked before her to see just where she was.

Then she seemed to see something that was strange and beautiful. Right before her, on the water, swimming easily on its surface, were ten little ugly, smoky, "beautiful" ducks! Ten little ducks that looked just like every one of Quackalina's relations! Now they saw her and began swimming towards her.

Before she knew it, Quackalina had flapped her great wings and quacked aloud three times and three times again!

In less time than it takes to tell it, her own ten beautiful ducks were close about her, and she was kissing every one with her red bill. Then she saw that upon the bank a frightened guinea-hen was tearing along, screeching with terror.

If Quackalina had looked a second time, she would have seen that something beautiful was happening on the bank. At the first note of the guinea's voice, twenty little voices had answered. In a twinkling twenty pairs

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of red satin boots were running as fast as they could go to meet the great speckled mother-hen.

Soon the whole delighted guinea family were having a happy time away off in the cornfield out of sight and hearing, but Quackalina and her ten little ducklings stayed out on the water nearly all day.

RUTH McENERY STUART (Abridged).

Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart was born in Louisiana, and lived there for many years. Her home is now in New York City.

Mrs. Stuart has written many stories, and several of her best stories are about children. Such are "Babette," and "George Washington Jones." The story of "Quackalina" is found in "Solomon Crow's Christmas Pockets," copyrighted by Harper and Brothers.

ONLY ONE MOTHER.

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky;
Hundreds of shells on the shore together;
Hundreds of birds that go singing by;
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather;

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn;
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn—
But only one mother the wide world over.

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depth	liquid	season	sheaves	splendor
amber	flaming	banners	crimson	blazing

HO! FOR THE BENDING SHEAVES.

Ho! for the bending sheaves,
Ho! for the crimson leaves
Flaming in splendor!
Season of ripened gold,
Plenty in crib and fold,
Skies with depth untold,
Liquid and tender.

Autumn is here again—
Banners on hill and plain,
Blazing and flying,
Hail to the amber morn,
Hail to the heaped up corn,
Hail to the hunter's horn,
Swelling and dying!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

James Russell Lowell was a writer of both prose and poetry. His home was in Massachusetts. Among the finest of his poems are the autumn song, "Ho! For the Bending Sheaves," the "Dandelion," "The First Snow Fall," "The Fountain," "The Changeling," and "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

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bugle	achieve	Galahad	devoured
armor	welcome	Perilous	Launcelot
empty	Percival	remained	Holy Grail

SIR GALAHAD AND THE ROUND TABLE.

There has never been so brave a band of knights as those who gathered about the Round Table of King Arthur long years ago in a country far away.

One could not be a knight unless he was strong and brave and true. Knights spent their time seeking to do some brave, good thing. If some dragon stood in the path, they swept him away. If some one was in danger or suffering wrong, they rushed to the rescue.

They found out the poor and needy and helped the sick, and thought of others first and themselves last. Through the green woods and the meadows, in plumed hats and bright armor, they rode on beautiful horses.

Little children listened for their bugle blasts, and shouted the names of those they loved: "Sir Launcelot! Sir Galahad! Sir Percival!"

The Round Table, about which they sometimes gathered in the evening, with Arthur at the head, had come to the King as a wedding gift. One hundred and fifty knights could be seated around it.

One by one the seats were filled until there were left only three—saved for the three greatest knights of all. Sir Launcelot and Sir Percival were placed in two of these seats, but for a long time one still remained empty.

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The empty seat was feared by the knights, for if any one but the right person sat in this seat, he lost his life.

Then came an old man one day, bringing with him a

young knight. "Sir," said this man to King Arthur, "I bring you here a young knight of noble blood. He shall aid you in doing great things."

"You are welcome," said the King, "and the young knight with you."

The old man then led the young knight to the empty seat, called the Perilous Seat. The silken cloth that had been thrown over the chair was lifted up, and these words were found: "This is the seat of Sir Galahad, the good knight." Now Sir Galahad was the name of this very knight.

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"Sir," said the old man, "this place is yours," and he put the young knight into the seat. Then, turning to the knights, the old man said, "Sir Galahad is the knight through whom the Holy Grail shall be found."

The young knight sat in the seat without fear. Then the knights wondered, for no man had ever dared to sit in that seat but one, and a flame had leaped forth and devoured him.

Then came King Arthur to Sir Galahad and said, "Sir, you are welcome to the Round Table, for you shall move many good knights unto the quest of the Holy Grail. You shall achieve also, what no other knight has been able to do."

SIR THOMAS MALORY (Adapted).

And one there was among us, ever moved
Among us in white armor, Galahad.
"God make thee beautiful as thou are beautiful,"
Said Arthur, when he dubbed him knight, and none,
In so young youth, was ever made a knight
Till Galahad.

LORD ALFRED TENNYSON (The Holy Grail).

Copy:

1. We thank thee, Father, for the night.
2. The Lord is my shepherd.
3. Your son has saved the land, and God has saved your son.
4. There is One, dear child, that has clothed me already.

Draw a line under every word that is a name of God.
With what kind of letter should these words begin?

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spare	plank	desire	furnish
dazed	timber	wallet	groaned
stared	stroke	naught	grateful

THE THREE WISHES.

Once upon a time, and be sure it was a long time ago, there lived a poor woodman in a great forest. Every day of his life he went out to cut timber.

One day, as he started out, the goodwife filled his wallet and slung his bottle on his back, that he might have meat and drink in the forest. He had marked out

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for his work this day a huge old oak, which, he thought, would furnish many and many a good plank.

When he came to the oak, he took his ax in his hands and swung it round his head as though he had a mind to fell the tree at one stroke. But he had not given one blow, when there stood before him a fairy, who prayed him to spare the tree.

The woodman was dazed, as you may fancy, with wonder and fright, and he could not open his mouth to utter a word. He found his tongue at last. "Well," said he, "I'll e'en do as thou wishest."

"You have done better for yourself than you know," said the fairy. "To show that I am grateful, I will grant your next three wishes, let them be what they may."

With that the fairy was no more to be seen, so the woodman slung his wallet over his shoulder and his bottle at his side, and off he started for home.

But the way was long, and the poor man was still dazed with the wonderful thing that had happened to him. When he got home there was nothing in his mind but the wish to sit down and rest.

Maybe, too, 'twas a trick of the fairy's. Who can tell? Anyhow, down he sat by the blazing fire; and as he sat, he became hungry, though it was a long way from supper-time.

"Hast thou naught for supper, dame?" said he to his wife.

"Nay, not for two hours," said she.

"Ah!" groaned the woodman, "I wish I'd a good link of black pudding here before me."

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No sooner had he said the word, when clatter, clatter, rustle, rustle, what should come down the chimney but a link of the finest black pudding the heart of man could wish for?

If the woodman stared, the good wife stared three times as much. "What's all this?" said she.

Then all the morning's work came back to the woodman, and he told his tale right out, from beginning to end. As he told it, the good wife became angry.

When he had made an end of the story, she burst out, "Thou art but silly, Jan, thou art but silly! I wish the pudding were at thy nose, I do, indeed!"

And in a twinkling there sat the goodman with his nose the longer for a noble link of black pudding.

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He gave a pull, but it stuck, and she gave a pull, but it stuck; and they both pulled till they had nigh pulled the nose off, but the pudding stuck and stuck.

"What's to be done now?" said he.

"It does not look so very bad," said she, looking hard at him.

Then the woodman saw that if he wished, he must wish in a hurry, and so he wished that the black pudding might come off his nose.

Well!—there it lay in a dish on the table. So it happened that if the goodman and goodwife did not ride in a golden coach, or dress in silk and satin, they had at least as fine a black pudding for their supper as the heart of man could desire.

JOSEPH JACOBS (Adapted).

Joseph Jacobs was born in Australia, but he now lives in America. As he knows more fairy tales and more about fairy tales than any one else in this country, his coming is very welcome to the girls and boys. Some of his books are "English Fairy Tales," "Celtic Fairy Tales," and "Indian Fairy Tales." "The Three Wishes," is taken from the book called "More English Fairy Tales" published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Write, in the form of a request or a command, a sentence telling:

1. Sir Galahad to take a seat at the Round Table.
2. A friend to write you a letter.
3. Children how to act toward their parents.
4. A woodman not to cut down a tree.
5. Some one to close the door.

Digitized by Google

Scott	tease	frolic	advice	comrade
seize	Maida	Hamlet	length	greyhound

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S DOGS.

Sir Walter Scott loved dogs, and looked upon them as good friends. When Washington Irving was paying Scott a visit, they went one morning for a walk.

As the gentlemen started, every dog in the house turned out to go with them. First of all came the old hound Maida. He was a noble animal, and Scott loved him the best of all.

Hamlet was a young black greyhound that had not yet grown wise.

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There was also a beautiful setter, with soft silken hair, long drooping ears, and mild eyes. She was Mrs. Scott's pet.

From the kitchen came still another greyhound, hailed by Scott as an old friend and comrade.

Maida walked ahead. He was very quiet, as though he wished to show that he knew how to behave himself. The young dogs did not mind his manner. They wanted some fun. They would play about him, leap on his neck, worry his ears, and try to tease him into a frolic.

For a long time Maida would keep on, only now and then seeming to give his young friends some advice. At length he would make a sudden turn, seize one of them, and tumble him in the dust.

Then he would glance at the gentlemen, as much as to say, "You see, I can't help giving way to this sport." After that he would jog on as before.

Scott laughed at Maida. "I make no doubt," he said, "that when Maida is alone with these young dogs, he plays the boy as much as any of them."

Pretty soon the dogs found something that set them to barking. It was some time before Maida would join them, but at last he opened his mouth with a very loud "Bow-wow!"

Then he wagged his tail, and looked into his master's face to see if it was right.

"Yes, yes, old boy!" cried Scott, "you did wonders. You shook the hills with your roaring. You may now lay your guns by for the rest of the day."

WASHINGTON IRVING (Adapted).

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Washington Irving was born in New York just at the close of the Revolutionary War. "Washington's work is over," Mrs. Irving said, "and the child shall be named for him."

When Irving became a man, he went to England to live, and stayed abroad many years. It was then that he visited Sir Walter Scott. This story is told in "The Sketch Book," which also contains "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

Washington Irving wrote many other books. Among these are "The Alhambra," "The Life of Washington," and "The Life of Columbus."

CROCUSES.

There fell an April shower, one night;
Next morning, in the garden bed,
The crocuses stood straight and gold;
"And they have come," the children said.

There fell an April shower, one night;
Next morning, through the woodland spread
The May-flowers, pink and sweet as youth;
"And they have come," the children said.

MARY E. WILKINS.

Miss Wilkins has written some very pretty poems, but most of her work is in the form of stories. Two of her best-known books are "In Colonial Times: the Adventures of Ann, the Bound Girl of Samuel Wales of Braintree," and "The Pot of Gold, and Other Stories."

Digitized by Google

jewel
sacred
escape
marble
Jeypore
donkeys

goddess
carriage
pictures
sacrifice
porticoes
wilderness

A LETTER FROM INDIA.

Jeypore, January 7, 1883.

My dear Gertie,

I wish that you had been here with me yesterday. We would have had a beautiful time. You would have had to get up at five o'clock, for at six the carriage was at the door, and we had already had our breakfast.

But in this country you do everything that you can very early, so as to escape the hot sun. It is very hot in the middle of the day, but quite cold now at night and in the mornings and evenings. Well, as we drove into the town, the sun rose, and the streets were full of light.

The town is all painted pink, which makes it the queerest-looking place you ever saw. On the outsides of the houses there are pictures drawn, some very solemn and some very funny.

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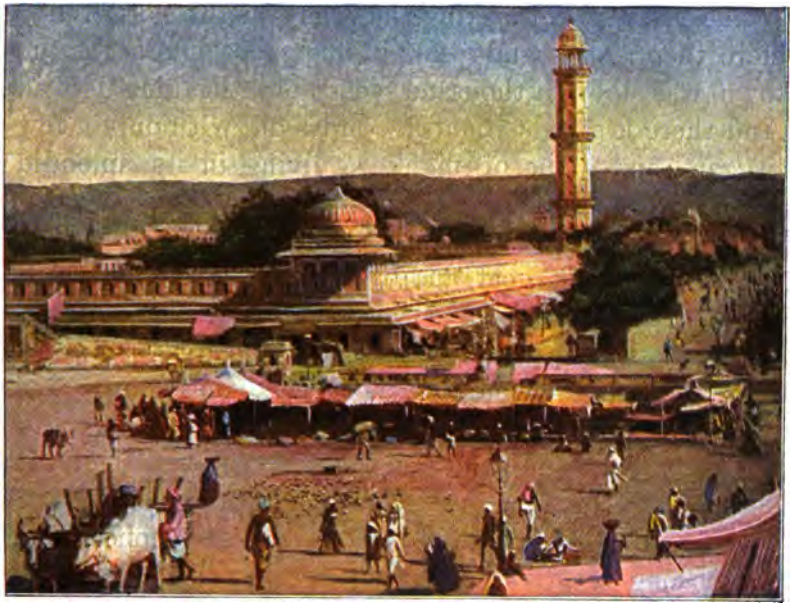
We drove through the street, which was crowded with camels and elephants and donkeys, and women wrapped up like bundles, and men chattering like monkeys, and



monkeys themselves, and little children rolling in the dust, and playing queer Jeypore games.

All the little girls, when they get to be about your age, hang jewels in their noses, and the women all have their noses looking beautiful in this way. I have a nose jewel for you, which I shall put in when I get home, and also a little button for the side of Susie's nose, such as the smaller children wear. Think how the girls at school will admire you!

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Well, we drove out the other side of the queer pink town, and went on toward the old town, which they deserted a hundred years ago, when they built this. The priest told the king that they ought not to live more than a thousand years in one place, and so, as the town was about a thousand years old, the king left it. And there it stands about five miles off, with only a few beggars and a lot of monkeys living in its splendid palaces and temples.

Behind us, as we went up the hill, came a man leading a little black goat, and when I asked what it was for, they said it was for sacrifice. It seems that a horrid old goddess has a temple on the hill, and years ago they used to sacrifice men to her, to make her happy and kind.

When we got into the old town, it was a perfect wilderness of beautiful things—lakes, temples, palaces, porticoes, all sorts of things in marble and fine stones, with sacred long-tailed monkeys running over all. I will tell you all about the goddess, and the rest that I saw, when I get home. Don't you wish that you had gone with me?

Give my love to your father and mother and Agnes and Susie. I am dying to know about your Christmas and the presents. Do not forget your loving uncle

PHILLIPS.

Bishop Phillips Brooks was for many years the pastor of churches in Philadelphia and Boston. He traveled in Europe and Asia, and some of his most amusing letters in "Letters of Travel" were written to boys and girls. [See p. 72.]

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level	reign	breathe	brier-rose
beech	dreary	eternal	chrysanthemums
	pigeons	proclaim	wavering

AUTUMN.

The hills are bright with maples yet,
But down the level land
The beech leaves rustle in the wind
As dry and brown as sand.

The clouds in bars of rusty red
Along the hilltops glow,
And in the still sharp air the frost
Is like a dream of snow.

The berries of the brier-rose
Have lost their rounded pride;
The bitter-sweet, chrysanthemums,
Are drooping, heavy-eyed.

The pigeons in black wavering lines
Are swinging toward the sun;
And all the black and withered fields
Proclaim the summer done.

His store of nuts and acorns now,
The squirrel hastes to gain,
And sets his house in order for
The winter's dreary reign.

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'Tis time to light the evening fire,
To read good books, to sing
The low and lovely songs that breathe
Of the eternal spring.

ALICE CARY.

Alice Cary and her sister Phoebe lived in Ohio and in New York City. They wrote many stories and poems for magazines, and Alice Cary wrote a few books.

An amusing little poem by Phoebe Cary, called "The Envious Wren," will be found on page 114.

total	statue	groped	plainly
death	stable	knives	easiest
image	marred	dreamt	instant

THE IMAGE AND THE TREASURE.

In the city of Rome was a graven image of a man. It stood upright, and held out its hand. On the middle finger of the hand were the words *Strike Here.* No one knew what this meant, but all thought that the image held some hidden treasure.

So the image was marred by blows where one person and another had struck it to find the opening.

At last a learned man looked hard at the image to see if he could find out the secret. The sun was shining

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brightly. It was noon, and the shadow of the image lay upon the ground. The hand of the shadow was stretched out, and the learned man saw the shadow finger.

He marked the spot where the tip of the finger rested, and at night, when all was still, he came again. He had brought a spade with him, and he dug down at the spot he had marked.

Soon he came to a trap door. He raised the door, and saw some steps leading down. Then he closed the door above him, and went down the steps.

He found himself in a great hall, and in the middle of the hall was a table. The table was set with dishes of gold and silver, with golden knives and cups of gold.

At one end sat a king and queen. He knew them by

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their rich robes, and by the crowns on their heads. Fine nobles, too, sat at the table, and all about were men standing.

The wonder was, there was not a sound, and not a single person moved. The king sat still; the queen sat still; the nobles did not stir; the men were fixed. It was as if they were all of stone, and so they were; for when this learned man touched them, he found that they were stone.

He went into a room beyond. There he saw many women dressed in purple. They, too, were of stone. He went into a stable: there stood horses in the stalls, and dogs; but they had all been turned to stone.

So he went about the palace, for palace it plainly was, and everywhere it was as still as death. Not a living thing was to be seen; but there were riches more than he had ever dreamt of.

At last he came back to the great hall. He saw that the light which lighted the hall came from a precious stone in one corner. The light, as he gazed, fell upon a stone archer, who stood with his bow drawn, and the arrow pointed at the precious stone.

On the archer's brow were the words:—

"I am what I am. My shaft is sure; least of all can the precious stone escape me."

Now the learned man thought to carry away some of the treasures. He went to the table and chose some of the golden cups. They would be the easiest to carry.

But no sooner had he hidden them in his cloak

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than, whish! the arrow sped from the bow and struck the precious stone. In an instant the stone was shivered to bits and there was total darkness.

The learned man groped for the stairs. He could not find them. He went back and forth, but he never found the stairs. He, too, became a stone statue in the secret hall.

HORACE E. SCUDDER (Adapted).

Horace E. Scudder was born in Boston, and spent most of his life in that city. From 1890 until his death, he was the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

"The Bodley Books," eight in number, by Mr. Scudder, are books for young people. A "Book of Legends," from which the story of "The Image and the Treasure" is taken, is published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company. The same story is also told in Longfellow's beautiful poem, "Morituri Salutamus."

Find in "The Image and the Treasure" *five sentences that make statements; copy these sentences.*

Sentences that make statements are called ***declarative*** sentences.

By what mark should every declarative sentence be followed?

Write a declarative sentence about a squirrel; a tree; a king; a visit; a flower.

Find in "King Arthur and the Sword Excalibur" *and in* "Thinking Only of Myself" *five sentences that ask questions; copy these sentences.*

Sentences that ask questions are called ***interrogative*** sentences.

By what mark should every interrogative sentence be followed?

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hearth	rapped	scowled
stride	settled	foretell
awful	nursery	dreadful

THE DREAM OF THE TOY.

The Sandman lost a dream one night—
A dream meant for a boy;
It floated round awhile, and then
It settled on a Toy.

The Toy dreamed that it stood in class
With quite a row of boys;
The teacher rapped upon his desk
And cried, "Less noise! less noise!"

Then looking at the Toy, he scowled
And said, "Next boy—foretell."
"Oh, please, sir," cried the little Toy,
"I don't know how to spell.

"Indeed, I don't know how it is;
I'm sure I am a toy,
Although I seem to be in class,
And dressed up like a boy."

"What's that? What's that?" the teacher cried—
In awful tones he spoke;

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He came with strides across the floor,
And then the Toy awoke.

There lay the nursery very still,
The shelf above its head;
The fire burned dimly on the hearth,
The children were in bed.

There lay the dolls and Noah's Ark.
"Oh, dear me," said the Toy,
"I just had such a dreadful dream!
I dreamed I was a boy."

KATHERINE PYLE.

Miss Pyle, like her brother, Mr. Howard Pyle (Second Reader, p. 118), is an artist as well as a writer. Both have written stories, poems, and books for children, and have made beautiful pictures to illustrate their writings. Miss Pyle's home is in Delaware.

sabot	double	nephew	knitted
linen	mitten	service	carpenter
coarse	orphan	wrapped	industrious

LITTLE CARL'S CHRISTMAS.

When little Carl was only seven years old, his father and mother died, and he had to go and live with an aunt.

This woman was not kind to him. She kissed him only once a year, and was sorry every time she gave him

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food. Besides, although she had money, she gave him only very poor clothes.

The poor little fellow was therefore unhappy, and hid himself in out-of-the-way corners to cry when Christmas came. The night before this Christmas the schoolmaster was to take Carl and all the other pupils to church, and bring them back to their homes.

As the weather was cold, and there was a great deal

of snow, the children came to the master's house wrapped and bundled up, with fur caps, double jackets, knitted gloves and mittens, and good thick boots.

Only Carl came shivering in the clothes he wore week-days and Sundays. On his feet were nothing but coarse stockings and heavy sabots, or wooden shoes.

His thoughtless comrades made a thousand jests over his long face and his poor dress, but Carl tried to take

Digitized by Google

no notice of the boys or what they said. Presently the troop of boys and their teacher started for the church.

On the way the boys talked of the fine suppers that were waiting them at home. One boy told of a big goose that they were to have.

Another was to have a little fir tree in a wooden box, from whose branches hung oranges, sweetmeats, and toys.

The children spoke, too, of what the Christ-child would bring them, and what He would put into their shoes, which, of course, they would leave in the chimney before going to bed.

Little Carl knew very well that his aunt would send him to bed without any supper, but he had tried all the year to be good and industrious, so he hoped that the Christ-child would not forget him. Therefore, he, too, looked forward to putting his wooden shoes in the ashes of the fireplace.

When the service was ended, the band of children, walking two by two after their teacher, left the church. In the porch, sitting on a stone seat, a child was sleeping —a child clad in a robe of white linen, with bare feet, in spite of the cold.

He was not a beggar, for his robe was new and fresh, and near him on the ground were some carpenter's tools.

Under the light of the stars, his face was sweet, and his golden hair seemed like a crown. But the child's

Digitized by Google

feet were blue in the cold of that December night and were sad to see.

The children so well clothed for the winter passed heedlessly before the unknown child. But little Carl, the last to come out of the church, stopped, full of pity for the sleeping child.

"Alas!" said the orphan to himself, "it is too bad that this little one has to go barefoot in this bad weather. But what is worse than all, he has not even a wooden shoe to leave before him while he sleeps, so that the Christ-child can put something there to comfort him."

Then little Carl took off the wooden shoe from his right foot, and laid it in front of the sleeping child.

Limping along on his bare foot, and dragging his stocking through the snow, he followed the boys, and returned to his aunt's house.

"Look at that worthless fellow!" cried his aunt, full of anger when he returned without his right shoe. "What have you done with your wooden shoe?"

When the little boy told her what he had done, she burst into a mocking laugh.

"So you take off your shoes for beggars!" she said.

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This is something new! Ah, well, since that is so, I am going to put your other shoe in the chimney, and I promise you that the Christ-child will leave there something to-night to whip you with in the morning.

"You shall pass the day to-morrow on dry bread and water," she went on. "We shall see whether the next time you will give away your shoe to the first beggar that comes."

After having given the poor boy a few slaps, his aunt made him climb up to his bed in the attic. The child was grieved to the heart. He went to bed in the dark, and soon went to sleep, his pillows wet with tears.

On the morrow morning, when the old woman went down stairs, O wonderful sight! She saw the great chimney full of beautiful playthings, and bags of fine candies, and all sorts of good things.

Before all these splendid things stood the left shoe, which she herself had put there that very night, and in

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which she meant to put a birch rod. By its side stood the right shoe, which her nephew had given to the little waif.

Both were filled with gifts.

As little Carl came running down, and stood before all these beautiful gifts, suddenly there were loud cries and laughter out of doors. The old aunt and little boy went out to see what it all meant. There they found the neighbors gathered together around the fountain in the square.

What had happened? Oh, something very strange and amusing! The children that expected to have only beautiful gifts had found nothing but rods in their shoes.

Then the orphan and the old woman, thinking of all the beautiful things that were in their chimney, were greatly surprised.

Presently they saw the priest coming towards them with wonder in his face. Then the people understood that in some strange way the beautiful sleeping child, near whom were the carpenter's tools, was the Christ-child.

From the French of FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

François Coppée is a French poet and story writer, whose home is in Paris. His stories cover a large number of subjects, but some of the prettiest are children's tales.

In 1868 François Coppée was made an officer of the Legion of Honor.

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hotel	twitch	urchins	privilege
rapids	pencil	custard	knowledge
victim	rivulet	attempt	adventurers

TROUT FISHING.

There was one little river, and only one, within the Boy's knowledge, and the reach of his short legs. It was a tiny rivulet that came out of the woods about half a mile away from the hotel, and ran down through a sloping meadow, crossing the road under a flat bridge of boards.

Those rapids and those pools, with beautiful foam on them like soft, white custard,—were they not such places as the trout loved to hide in? So the Boy slips past the house, with a bamboo pole over his shoulder, and a little brother in skirts and short white stockings, tagging along behind him.

What an afternoon! How tired the adventurers grow as the day wears away! Yet they have taken nothing! But their strength and courage return when there comes a surprising twitch at the line. With a jerk of the pole, a small, wiggling fish is whirled through the air and landed back in the meadow.

"For pity's sake, don't lose him! There he is among the roots of the blue flag."

"I've got him! How cold he is—how slippery—how pretty! Just like a piece of rainbow!"

"Do you see the red spots? Did you notice how

Digitized by Google

gamy he was, Little Brother; how he played? It is a trout for sure; a real trout, and almost as long as your hand."

So the two lads, chattering, tramp along up the stream. Presently another troutling falls a victim, and then they begin to wish for something larger.

In the very last pool that they dare attempt, the Boy drags out the hoped-for prize. It is a splendid trout, longer than a new lead pencil. But he feels sure that there must be another, even larger, in the same place.

He swings his line out carefully over the water. Just as he is about to drop it in, Little Brother, perched on

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the sloping brink, slips on the smooth pine-needles, and goes sliding down into the pool up to his waist.

How he weeps with dismay, and how funnily his dress sticks to him as he crawls out! But his grief is soon lessened by the privilege of carrying the trout strung on an alder twig. So it is a happy, muddy, pair of urchins that climb over the fence out of the field of triumph at the close of the day.

HENRY VAN DYKE (Adapted).

Dr. Henry van Dyke is professor of English Literature in Princeton University. He is fond of out-door life. "Trout Fishing" is from "Little Rivers," a book in which many delightful fishing trips are described. The book is published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The other Wise Man" and "The First Christmas Tree" are two of Dr. van Dyke's pleasing little books.

Copy:

Oh, how sweet the water was!
How it cheered and comforted her heart!
Thou art but silly, Jan!
I wish the pudding were at thy nose, I do indeed!

Sentences that express feelings of surprise, wonder, pleasure, or pain are called ***exclamatory*** sentences.

By what mark should every exclamatory sentence be followed?
Write exclamatory sentences that begin with oh, alas, how, what, nonsense, fie.
Write interrogative sentences that begin with how, what, did, do, are, is, where, why, when, have, had.
Write a letter to a boy or girl in India, describing the city, town, or village in which you live.

Digitized by Google

beaten moor repeat **traveler**

OVER THE HILL.

"Traveler, what lies over the hill?
Traveler, tell to me:
I am only a child—from the window sill
Over I cannot see."

"Child, there's a valley over there,
Pretty and wooded and shy;
And a little brook that says, 'Take care,
Or I'll drown you by and by.'"

"And what comes next?" "A little town,
And a towering hill again:
More hills and valleys, up and down,
And a river now and then."

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"And what comes next?" "A lonely moor
Without a beaten way;
And gray clouds sailing slow before
A wind that will not stay."

"And then?" "Dark rocks and yellow sand,
And a moaning sea beside."
"And then?" "More sea, more sea, more land,
And rivers deep and wide."

"And then?" "Oh, rock and mountain and vale,
Rivers and fields and men,
Over and over repeat the tale,
And round to your home again."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Dr. George Macdonald was a preacher rather than a writer, but he wrote stories, novels and poems. Some of his books especially for children are "At the Back of the North Wind," "The Princess and Curdie," and "The Doings of the Fairies."

Dr. Macdonald lived in Scotland and England.

Read the child's questions.
Read the traveler's answers.
In reading the poem, how can you tell where each one begins and stops speaking?
Copy the last two stanzas, omitting these marks, and writing the name of the speaker before each question and answer.

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study	recess	whistle	Physical
stern	dollar	paddled	Geography
eager	rueful	education	disappointment

LILIES AND CAT-TAILS.

I

"Mother," said Roger, swinging in at the door, "I am going to begin Physical Geography! And the teacher says that I must have a book, please, as soon as I can get it. It costs two dollars, and it's just full of pictures! May I get it to-day, please, mother?"

"Mother" looked up with a sad little loving smile. "I have not two dollars in the world just now, unless I take it from the money I am saving to get you a new suit, and I hardly ought to do that, my poor Roger!"

With a rueful whistle, Roger looked down at his clothes. They were clean, but were very much patched and darned. "Never mind, mother! Perhaps Will Almy will lend me his book sometimes, or I can study at recess out of Miss Gray's. Don't worry, mother!"

Mrs. Rayne sighed deeply as Roger left the house. She knew that it was to hide his face of disappointment that he ran off in so much haste.

Poor Roger! so eager to learn, he ought to have a first-rate education! But how could she, a poor widow with four children on a tiny farm, give it to him? Bread and butter and clothes must come first, and these were hard enough to win. Education must be picked up as it could.

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But Roger, though he was disappointed, had no idea of giving up the Physical Geography. "Mother cannot get it for me," he said, "so I must get it myself. The only question is, how?"

That evening, just as the sun was setting, a boat pushed

out from among the reeds of Pleasant Pond. One boy sat in the center and paddled; another sat in the bow and looked sharply around; while in the stern sat a little girl, who dipped her hands into the water and sang.

"Here's a fine bunch of cat-tails!" cried Roger. "Shove her in here, Joe!"

Joe obeyed, and Roger's knife soon cut the stately reeds with their tips of firm, brown velvet.

"Oh, here are the lilies!" cried little Annet. "See,

Digitized by Google

Roger! See! all white and gold! Oh, let me pull them!"

In another moment the boat seemed to be resting on a living carpet of snow and gold. The lilies grew so thick that one could hardly see the water between them. Roger and Annet drew them in by handfuls, laying them in shining piles in the bottom of the boat.

fault	suppose	recovered	publisher
thrust	anxious	exclaimed	remarkable
senses	modestly	stammered	astonishing

LILIES AND CAT-TAILS.

II

The next morning Roger was in the city with the cat-tails and lilies. He looked eagerly about, watching the faces of the passers-by. Would this one buy? or that one? He held out a bunch timidly, and a lady smiled and stopped.

"How lovely and fresh! Thank you!" and the first piece of silver dropped into Roger's pocket. Soon another followed it, and another, and another, and Roger's hopes rose higher and higher. At this rate the Physical Geography would be his.

His dream was rudely broken in upon by an old gentleman, who ran against him, nearly knocking him over.

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"What! what!" said the gentleman. "Get out of my way, boy! My fault! I beg your pardon!"

Roger moved aside, surprised by the sudden shock. "Will you buy some Physical Geographies, sir?" he asked. "See how fresh they are! They are——"

"How dare you talk to me about Physical Geography sir?" said the old gentleman fiercely.

"I—I beg your pardon, sir!" said Roger. "I *meant* to say 'lilies.' I was thinking so hard about the geography that it slipped out without my knowing it."

"What do you know about Physical Geography?" asked the gentleman.

"Nothing yet, sir," replied Roger modestly. "But I am very anxious to study it. I am selling these lilies and cat-tails to get money enough to buy the book."

"This is a remarkable boy!" cried the old gentleman. "What geography is it you want? Merton's, I suppose. Trash, sir! trash!"

"No, sir! Willison's," replied the boy, thinking that the old gentleman might be crazy.

But on hearing this, the strange gentleman shook his

Digitized by Google

hand warmly. "I am Willison!" he exclaimed. "It is my geography! You are a *most* remarkable boy. I am glad to meet you."

Roger stared blankly. "Did—did you write the Physical Geography, sir?" he stammered.

"To be sure I did," said the gentleman, "and a good job it was! Here! Here!" he cried, feeling in his pockets, "give me the lilies and take that!" and he thrust a shining silver dollar into Roger's hand. "And here!" he wrote something on a card; "take that, and go to Cooper, the publisher, and see what he says to you. You are an astonishing boy!"

He was gone, and Roger was sitting on the steps alone. When he recovered his senses a little, he looked at the card and read in large letters, "Give to the astonishing boy who brings this a copy of my Physical Geography. Best binding. William Willison."

LAURA E. RICHARDS (*Abridged*).

When Mrs. Richards was a little school-girl in Boston, she began to write stories and poems for the papers, and she has been writing ever since. Her home is in Maine.

Among the many books that Mrs. Richards has written are "Captain January" and "The Golden House," both beautiful stories.

"Lilies and Cat-tails" is in a book called "Five Minute Stories," which is published by Dana, Estes and Company.

Write a list of the interrogative sentences found in this story; of the exclamatory sentences.

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Eternity aforetime

TO-DAY.

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity
This new day is born;
Into Eternity,
At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did;
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Thomas Carlyle was one of the greatest of Scotch writers. He lived first in Edinburgh, and afterward in London. Most of his writings are histories or essays, but he also wrote a few poems.

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music	fiddle	remember	especially
whose	Andover	noblemen	serenading
Venice	handsome	youngster	affectionate

A VISIT TO VENICE.

Venice, August 13, 1882.

Dear Gertie,—When the little children in Venice want to take a bath, they just go down to the front steps of the house and jump off, and swim about in the street.

Yesterday I saw a nurse sitting on the front steps, holding one end of a string, and the other end was tied to a little fellow, who was swimming up the street.

When he went too far, the nurse pulled in the string, and got the baby home again.

Then I met another youngster, swimming in the street, whose mother had tied him by the side of the door. When he tried to swim away to see another boy, who was tied to another post up the street, he couldn't, and they had to call out to each other over the water.

Is not this a queer city?

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You are always in danger of running over some of the people and drowning them, for you go about in a boat instead of a carriage, and use an oar instead of a horse. But it is ever so pretty, and the people, especially the children, are very bright, and gay, and handsome.

When you are sitting in your room at night, you hear some music under your window, and look out. There you see a boat in which are a man with a fiddle, and a woman with a voice, and they are serenading you.

To be sure, they want some money when they have done, for everybody begs here, but they do it very prettily and are full of fun.

Tell Susie that I did not see the queen this time. She

Digitized by Google

was out of town. But ever so many noblemen and princes have sent to know how Toody was, and how she looked, and I have sent them all her love.

There must be lots of pleasant things to do at Andover, and I think that you must have had a beautiful summer there.

Pretty soon now you will go back to Boston. Do go into my house when you get there, and see if the doll and her baby are well and happy (but do not carry them off); and make the music box play a tune, and remember your affectionate uncle

PHILLIPS.

Where was this letter written? When was it written?
Look at the letters beginning on pp. 27 and 46. Where and when were they written?

Copy:

Springfield, Massachusetts,
July 2, 1906.

Show by the same kind of form that a letter was written:

1. At Albany, in New York, on the tenth of May, 1905.
2. In Virginia, at Richmond, September 4, 1899.

Copy:

Mr. James M. Hall,
36 State Street,
Chicago,
Illinois.

Cut or fold paper to represent envelopes. Write upon them in proper form the following:

1. Your father's address.
2. The address of John W. Ross, who lives at Nashville, Tennessee.

Digitized by Google

prize	wrought	gorgeous	procession
pumpkin	wondrous	glorious	moistening

THE STORY OF A SEED.

I. The Seed.

Just a little seed,
Very small indeed;
Put it on the ground,
In a little mound,
And wait to see
What it will be.

II. The Vine.

The seed became a lovely vine,
That o'er the brown earth used to twine,
And at our feet so very low
Went on and on, to grow and grow.

III. The Flower.

The summer rain, the summer shine,
That wet and warmed the pretty vine,
Had somehow quite a wondrous power,
Which wrought this lovely yellow flower.

IV. The Fruit.

The little flower grew and grew,
In sun and shower, and moistening dew,
And when the leaves began to fall,

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There lay this gorgeous yellow ball
The prize for harvest, best of all.

V. The Pie.

Hurrah for the tiny seed!
  Hurrah for the flower and vine!
Hurrah for the golden pumpkin,
  Yellow and plump and fine!
But better than all beginnings,
  Surely no one can deny,
Is the end of the whole procession—
  This glorious pumpkin pie.

Selected.

Copy:

Remember me to all of you.
Take the packs off his back
Do not fear.

Sentences that express commands or requests are called ***imperative*** sentences.

By what mark should the imperative sentence be followed?

Write commands or requests that begin with let, listen, give, go, bring, do, ask, write, study.

Copy:

Thanking you for the favor, I remain,
Yours truly,
James H. Wood.

Remember me kindly to all my friends.
Very cordially yours,
Anna S. Hall.

Digitized by Google

Thor	Wodin	Frigga	exactly	cultivate
order	Italy	Saturn	victory	worshiped

THE DAY BROTHERS.

I have a story to tell you of seven brothers and their odd names. You see them all once every week. No two of them ever visit you at the same time, for as soon as one comes another goes.

They always come in the same order, and they all stay just the same length of time.

You never hear them, for they come and go without any noise. Just as the clocks strike twelve at midnight, one goes out and another comes in.

The names of the brothers sound very queer, but you will not wonder at that when I tell you that they are more than a thousand years old. Our great-great-grandfathers named the brothers.

The first of the seven is called Sunday, and was named after the sun, just as you are named James, perhaps after Uncle James; or your sister is named Annie, after mamma.

The next was named Moon-day, after the moon; but we do not call it exactly by that name now. We say Monday, which means Moon-day.

The third was called Tiwes-day. Long ago people believed that strange beings lived in the clouds, or in the air, or among the stars, and that they would come to the earth, to help those who were in trouble.

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The people of those days thought that these strange beings kept them from harm in battle, or helped them in hunting or farming. They called them gods, and believed them to be very much wiser and stronger than men.

It was thought that Tiw helped soldiers in battle and gave them victory over their enemies. So one of the brothers was named Tiwes-day, as I told you. We write it Tuesday now, but our great-great-grandfathers spelt it Tiwes-day.

Another brother was called Wodin's-day, after Wodin, who was said to be the wisest of all the gods. When we say Wednesday, it means Wodin's-day.

Wodin had a son called Thor, and the people named the fifth brother after him, Thor's-day; or as we say now, Thursday.

Wodin's wife was named Frig-ga, and it was from her that the next brother was named. Our grandfathers said Frig-ga's-day, but we say Friday, which is shorter and easier to say.

The last brother was called Saturn's-day. Saturn was another of the gods that people worshiped long ago. They thought that he once came and lived on the earth.

He chose the beautiful land of Italy for his home. The people were kind to him. In return he taught them how to cultivate the land, and raise grain and grapes and figs and apples.

No wonder that people named one of the days after him. We say Saturday now, but long ago everybody said Saturn's-day.

Digitized by Google

boll	finish	Savannah	different
staple	machine	invented	plantation
region	arrival	trousers	cotton-gin

COTTON.

I

When Albert Wise was twelve years old, his father let him go from his home in New York to visit his uncle in Georgia.

In the villages and country through which he passed he saw many things that were new and strange. But nothing seemed stranger or more beautiful than the fields of cotton, which he saw from the cars, as they rolled swiftly on through the cotton-growing region.

He had seen cotton on the docks in the harbor of New

Digitized by Google

York, but never before had he seen it growing. He was glad to think that he should learn all about it while on his uncle's plantation.

The first morning after his arrival, he begged his uncle to take him into the cotton-fields.

It was the middle of September, and the fields were white with the fleecy staple. Albert was delighted. There were long rows of plants about three feet high, bearing pretty blossoms, some cream-colored, some pink; and a kind of pod or "boll," as it is called, from which the fluffy cotton was bursting forth.

Men, women, and children were hard at work picking the soft white locks from the bolls, and putting them into bags that hung at their sides.

"Now, Albert, you see how cotton grows, and how it

Digitized by Google

is picked. This kind of work is very different from the mowing and raking of hay of which you have seen so much in the North."

"Indeed it is," said Albert. "I think I should never tire of such work as this. It is real fun," he said, as he drew a lock of cotton from one of the open bolls.

"Yes, Albert, it is fun for you now, but soon the sun will make it very warm here, and then you will not think it such fun. But people who are used to the hot sun of the South do not seem to mind it very much."

When Albert had enjoyed the sport of cotton-picking for awhile, he was glad enough to go with his uncle to finish their talk in the shade of the fine old oak that stood in front of the house.

"What do you find besides the cotton?" his uncle asked, as Albert was tearing open a lock of cotton which he had brought from the field.

"Ever so many little black seeds," replied Albert, "and see, uncle, how the cotton sticks to them. How do you get it off?"

"That is done by a machine called a cotton-gin, Albert. Once it had to be done by hand, and then it took a long time to get cotton enough to make a pair of trousers.

"The cotton-gin does the work very quickly. It has a great many round saws about the size of a dinner plate. These are made to go round very fast. They have hundreds of fine sharp teeth, which catch hold of the cotton and tear it from the seed.

"The gin was invented many years ago, by Eli Whitney,

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who lived near Savannah; but the gins which we have now are much better than the first that were made."

"I should like to see a gin," said Albert.

"You shall," replied his uncle. "You can see the gin-house from here, on the other side of the fields. Some.day soon I will take you there when the gin is at work."

bale	Atlanta	articles	exhibition
climate	commerce	valuable	compresses
twisted	squeezed	powerful	fertilizing

COTTON.

II.

"There must be a great many seeds from such large cotton-fields, uncle. What becomes of them all?"

"The finest will be kept for planting next year, but most of them will be sold to the oil-mills. There they are put into a press and the oil is squeezed from them.

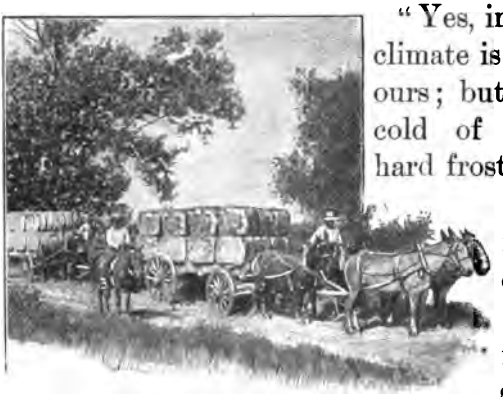
"A hard cake is left in the press. This is ground into meal, which the planters use

Digitized by Google

for feeding cattle and for fertilizing the cotton-fields.

"Cotton-seed oil is one of the most valuable articles of commerce."

"Does the cotton plant ever grow wild, uncle?"



"Yes, in Africa, where the climate is much warmer than ours; but it cannot stand the cold of our winters. One hard frost kills it."

"Then the fields must be planted every year?"

"Yes, every year, in March or April, seeds are planted. In a week or ten days the plants show themselves.

"By the last of June they begin to bloom. In the morning, when the blooms open, they are of a light cream color; later in the day they change to a deep pink. They die and fall off the second day. Then the bolls begin to form; they grow very fast, and become as large as a small egg.

"When the seeds are ripe, the hot sun bursts the bolls open and shows the beautiful snow-white cotton within. Then, as you now see, the picking goes on. The fields are alive with workers. After it is picked, the cotton must be ginned and packed into bales.

"You have seen great wagons piled high with such bales. If the cotton were put loosely into sacks, it would

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take up a great deal of room because it is so fluffy. For this reason it is squeezed in a great press.

"That strange-looking thing that you see at the end of the gin-house, with two long arms, is the press. There the cotton is pressed and baled. But for sending far away it is best to have the bales still smaller.

"So in some of the large cities there are more powerful presses than we have on our plantations, and in them the bales are pressed and made a great deal smaller. You shall go to Savannah next week and see one of these 'compresses,' as they are called, at work."

"What becomes of all the cotton, uncle?"

"A great deal of it goes to other countries, but much is used in the United States. In the cotton-mills it is cleaned and spun into threads. The threads are woven into cloth, and the cloth is cut up and made into clothes and other useful articles.

"Some years ago a great cotton exhibition was held in Atlanta. All the machines for ginning, spinning, and weaving cotton into cloth were shown in one building In a field near by the cotton itself was growing.

"One morning some of this cotton was picked in the field and carried to the hall, where it was twisted into thread, woven into cloth, and made into suits, which were presented to some gentlemen, and worn by them on the evening of the same day."

Copy:

New York N. Y. Georgia Ga. Virginia Va.

Digitized by Google

mead Apollo knead fabled

THE CORN SONG.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
Our plows their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest-time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear our treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (Selected).

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SWEET AND LOW.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one,
sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
sleep.

LORD ALFRED TENNYSON.

When Lord Tennyson was only seven or eight years old, he wrote his first rhymes on his slate for his brother. "Yes, you can write," said Charles, and so it proved.

In the poem, "The Flower" (Second Reader, p. 132), Lord Tennyson gives us an idea of what people thought of his poetry, first calling it a weed and then a flower. "The Idylls of the King," "Sir Galahad," "Enoch Arden," "The Princess," and "In Memoriam" are among his greatest poems.

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clerk	praise	Filipino	deserved
cigar	primer	language	explained
Manila	progress	rattling	restaurant

SCHOOL IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

As I was driving through the city of Manila one day, the coachman suddenly turned around and said, "Me estudy Americano."

"What do you study?" I asked.

Proudly he drew from his pocket a soiled card. It was an old bill of fare from the leading American restaurant. Then he read aloud, pointing out each word:

"Ham, potatoes, beefsteak, porkenbeans, eggs, etc.," and stopped to receive the praise that he knew he deserved. He was asked why he did not go to school.

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"No time. Must work."
"But you could go to night school," I said.
"No dinero" (money).

It was explained to him that the night schools are free, but this was more than he could believe. Then another Filipino, who was a clerk, and who spoke English, explained it to him.

At last he understood the surprising fact, and his face glowed with pleasure. "Mucho buena!" he exclaimed; "mi vamos!" (Very good! I go!)

It is no wonder that the boy found it hard to believe the schools of the Americans free. There had never before been free schools in the islands. There were always pay schools, but the Spanish language was not taught. The children studied their own strange language.

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Hundreds of these queer schools are still left. They are to be found in every village. Such a school is nearly always held in the hut of some village dame.

If we were to go into one of these schools, we should find a dozen or more boys and girls lying or sitting on the bamboo floor. They study their lessons at the top of their voices. They do not merely read aloud; they shout.

One little fellow, lying on his back, his feet waving in the air, his tongue rattling off his lesson at full speed and voice, can make a great deal of noise. It is the old story of the pig under a gate: ten such boys can make much more noise than one. So it is never hard to find the village school.

The teacher hears the lessons while she prepares the noonday "chow," or lunch, of rice and fish, or puts her house in order, or smokes her long brown cigar.

The only books that they have in these schools are little primers and readers, so the poor children learn very little.

But these children can learn quickly when they are well taught. It is wonderful to note their progress in English. One boy twelve years old, who had been studying English only four months, came to his American teacher one morning. He had in his hand a book that American boys like, "Ten Boys on the Road from Long Ago to Now."

"Three stories of these I have read, Teacher, and I enjoy them very much," he said. It is good to learn that the Filipino boys' hearts are so like our own.

ADELINE KNAPP (Adapted).

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forge	history	saluted	regiment
pared	colonel	bellows	Bennington

DOING HIS BEST.

Luke Varnum was fifteen years old, when many of the boys and all the men of the village in which he lived shouldered their guns in 1776, and marched off to war. Luke was lame; so he was left at home. With a heavy heart, he saw the others march away. It was hard not to go with them.

Perhaps he thought bitterly of his lameness, and felt that one who could not be a soldier was of no use in the world. We shall see if he thought rightly.

The men had been gone an hour and a half, when three horsemen galloped up to the door of the village blacksmith's shop.

"Halloo!" said one, "is there any one here who can set a shoe?"

"I think I can," said Luke. "I often tend the fire for Jonas, and have seen him do it."

Luke started up the bellows and soon had a bright fire. He found a few nails which Jonas had left, and made two more himself. Just at this point a fourth horseman appeared, walking his horse slowly toward the shop.

"I see that you have found a forge," he said, as the others saluted him. "It is well for my horse, for I could not ride her five miles farther unshod."

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Luke pared the horse's hoof and measured the shoe. He found it too large. He heated it white, and bent it to the proper size. Then he nailed it on, and, for pride's sake, used first the two nails which he had made himself.

"It isn't done very well, I know," he said, "but I have done my best, and I think the shoe will do."

"It will do very well," said the rider, "and without it my horse would be useless."

He then mounted his horse, and rode away with the soldiers; but one of them lingered a minute, and said to Luke: "Boy, no ten men can serve their country so well to-day as you have done. The rider of that horse is Colonel Warner."

When you read some day in books of history how Colonel Warner reached the battle-field of Bennington with his regiment just in time to save the day, you must remember Luke Varnum.

He did what he could, and, although it was a little thing, yet it helped to gain a great victory.

ELIHU BURRITT (Adapted).

Elihu Burritt has often been called "The Learned Blacksmith." He began work as a blacksmith himself, when he was only a boy, but he was so fond of study that he used to spend all his spare time with his books, and often worked with a book propped up before him.

He became master of many languages, and wrote important books. Two of these are "Sparks from the Anvil," and "Chips from Many Blocks." Mr. Burritt was born in Connecticut.

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Palos	rejoice	gracious	Isabella
planet	triumph	balconies	Ferdinand
canopy	business	ornament	Barcelona

THE RETURN OF COLUMBUS TO SPAIN.

The return of Columbus from the New World was a great event in the little port of Palos. At least one member of almost every family had been with him.

As soon as the sails of Columbus's ship were seen in the harbor, all the people began to rejoice. Bells were rung, shops were shut, and all business was stopped.

Columbus landed, and walked in procession to the Church of St. George, to return thanks to God for his

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safe arrival. The air rang with shouts, and great honor was everywhere paid to him.

In a few days King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella sent for him to come to Barcelona. The journey of Columbus to this city was like that of a king. Wherever he passed, all the people poured out to see him.

In the large towns, the streets, windows, and balconies were filled with persons. Everybody was eager to gain a sight of him, and of the Indians that were with him. The Indians were gazed upon with as much wonder as if they had come from another planet.

It was about the middle of April that Columbus arrived at Barcelona, and the weather was delightful. He entered the city in triumph.

First were paraded the six Indians, painted, and wearing ornaments of gold. After these were carried live parrots, and stuffed birds and animals of unknown kinds, and strange plants.

After this followed Columbus on horseback, and with him many Spanish nobles and knights. The streets were filled with people, and the houses were crowded even to the roofs.

To receive Columbus properly, the king and queen had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of cloth of gold. There they awaited his arrival, seated in state, with their son Prince Juan beside them.

Presently Columbus arrived, looking very stately and commanding. On his approach, the king and queen

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arose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Columbus bent on his knees, and would have kissed their hands as a subject, but they raised him in the most gracious manner, and ordered him to seat himself in their presence. This was a rare honor.

He now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and showed them the Indians and the products that he had brought from the New World.

When Columbus had finished, the king and queen sank on their knees, and poured forth thanks and praises to God. All the people did the same thing; and there was everywhere present a deep and solemn gladness that prevented any noise of triumph.

WASHINGTON IRVING (Abridged).

ghost Azores Admiral

COLUMBUS.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.

The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Digitized by Google

haul
civil
lurch
spirit
defeat
squall

tiller
rascal
opinion
drenched
Randolph
otherwise

JACK AND TONY'S FRIENDSHIP.

I

One bright September morning Jack got out his boat and started for a sail down the river. There was a fresh breeze from the southwest, and as Mrs. Randolph watched him sitting in the stern of the boat with the tiller in his hand, and the big sail swiftly drawing the little shell down the river, she felt a sinking at the heart.

Jack sailed down gayly enough until he got to Lone Point. The sun was shining brightly; but just ahead of him, on the broad bay, was a shadow moving fast across the green water, and turning the waves black.

"That's a squall," said Jack. But he thought that it was not yet time to take down the sail.

Just as he had reached this opinion, the squall struck him. The sail flapped wildly for a moment, and bent lower and lower toward the water.

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Suddenly the boat gave a lurch, and Jack soon found himself in the water, drenched to the bone, but clinging to the bottom of the boat, which was driving on the sandy shore.

Tony Scaife, who had just come in from looking at his nets, was standing in the water, as the boat drifted his way. He waded out as far as he could.

The long tiller rope floated toward him. Tony caught it, and in two minutes Jack was on shore very wet, but otherwise all right.

Tony helped him to haul the boat up, and to take out the sail and spread it on the ground to dry. Then the trouble began.

"Why didn't you take your sail down when you saw the squall coming?" asked Tony.

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"Because I wasn't afraid," answered Jack coolly.

"That doesn't mean being afraid," said Tony, with equal coolness. "That's common-sense."

Jack took fire at this.

"You had better mind your business and keep a civil tongue," he snapped.

"I'm civil enough," replied Tony, in a sort of drawl that made Jack angry, "but I thought when I saw you sailing down with that squall just a-humming across the bay, 'That fellow isn't fit to be trusted in a boat by himself.'"

Jack stared at him. He had a high opinion of himself, and no boy had ever before talked to him in that way.

"Look here!" said Jack after a minute, eying Tony very hard. "Aren't you a Yankee?"

"Well, I rather guess I am," said Tony.

"Then," said Jack, "you are a rascal, and you know it."

Jack was much larger than Tony, though only a year older, but by the time the words were out of his mouth, Tony was upon him.

Neither wasted any words on the matter, and presently they were rolling over on the sand together, fighting as hard as they could.

Tony showed a good deal of strength, but Jack was too much for him. It took about five minutes for Tony to be really whipped.

But although Tony had been beaten, his spirit was

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unbroken, and he was as plucky in defeat as in victory—which, after all, is the only real courage.

"Now," said Jack, breathing very fast and folding his arms, "don't you dare to speak to me or to look at me, you rascal."

"I'm no rascal," gasped Tony, looking Jack straight in the eye; "you're bigger than I am, that's all; but if you had been my size, I'd have given you the worst whipping you ever had."

At this, Jack jumped at him. But Tony was too quick. With a sudden jerk he laid Jack sprawling on the sand, and was well out of the way before Jack could get up.

wharf	coward	apology	continued
widow	balance	trifling	associated
sturdy	conduct	excellent	independence

JACK AND TONY'S FRIENDSHIP.

II

It was about two o'clock when Jack's boat was tied up at the Marrowbone Wharf. Jack came swaggering up to the house to tell his adventures to his mother.

Mrs. Randolph was sitting on the broad porch, where the overhanging branches of the elms and big live-oaks made a flickering shade. She heard Jack through without a word. Then she said very quietly:

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"So after the boy had helped you with the boat and the sail, you called him a rascal for telling you the truth?"

"Y—yes'm," answered Jack, rather surprised at the new way his mother put it.

"And then you whipped him, although you were twice as big as he?"

"Yes'm," again answered Jack in a low voice. The true view of his conduct began to dawn on him.

"Then," said Mrs. Randolph, rising, "go upstairs at once, change your clothes, and walk down to Lone Point. Ask for Tony, and make him the very best apology you can for your unmanly conduct. Go into the cottage then, and ask his mother's pardon for fighting on her land; and when you come home, I shall have something further to say to you."

Jack looked at his mother in surprise. There was no trifling with her; besides, it came home to him how mean his conduct had been.

Without a word he went to his room, and came back within ten minutes. He went up to his mother, looking very pale.

"Mother," he said, "you are right. I was the rascal, not Tony. I promise you I'll never, as long as I live, do such a thing again."

His mother said nothing. She was not often displeased with him; but when she was, she did not quickly relent.

Jack set off with a weight of shame upon his heart.

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He was a Virginia gentleman! He felt like a coward and everything else that was mean.

When he reached Lone Point, he found Tony sitting on the little porch, mending his nets, while his mother sewed on a ragged sail.

Tony was very silent. He felt keenly how he had been treated, and being a very human sort of boy, he longed to be large enough to fight Jack Randolph and whip him.

When Jack reached the step, he took off his hat and, without knowing it, put on his best manner.

"How do you do, madam?" he said. "I believe that you are Mrs. Scaife."

The widow rose quickly.

"Yes," she said. "I'm Mrs. Scaife."

"And I am Jack Randolph," continued Jack, still keeping his head uncovered. "I came to ask your pardon for fighting on your land to-day. I know that it was very ungentlemanly. I feel very bad about it, and so does my mother, and I hope you'll overlook it."

Then Jack turned to Tony, who had stopped mending his nets, and was looking very hard before him.

"I do not know what to say to you," said Jack. "You helped me with the boat and the sail, and you didn't say or do anything, and I'm bigger than you, and I behaved like a bully—and a coward, and I'm ashamed of myself. I came here to tell you so, and to ask you to shake hands and overlook it."

A queer look came into Tony's blue eyes.

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"I don't think that you are a coward. I think you're a pretty brave fellow," he said. Then the two boys shook hands.

The Widow Scaife's eyes filled with tears.

"I thought hard of you before you came," she said, "but now I think that you're a real man, and I forgive you. I hope Tony will."

"Yes," said Tony, "and if you'll come down here some morning, we'll go fishing together."

The two boys began to talk about fishing then, and got on very well.

As Jack and Tony were sturdy and excellent fellows in their way, it is not strange that they soon became the closest friends. Jack found thorough manliness and independence in Tony, who had taken upon himself the

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balance of the payment for the few acres at Lone Point, and worked and contrived to that end.

Tony for the first time associated with a boy higher bred and carefully brought up. Their very differences drew them together, and the two boys, without knowing it at all, helped each other to become better men.

MOLLY ELLIOTT SEAWELL (Adapted).

In 1890, Miss Seawell's story "Little Jarvis" took a prize of $500 offered by the *Youth's Companion*. Since then she has written many fine stories, mostly about the navy, as "Paul Jones," "Decatur and Somers," and "Twelve Naval Captains." The story of Jack and Tony is found in the book "Through Thick and Thin," and is used here by permission of the publishers, Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

Copy:

1. The horns of the ram=The ram's horns.
2. The shoes of Timothy=Timothy's shoes.

Write in shorter form:

3. The best friend of Raleigh.
4. The kingdom of Jason.
5. The father of Peter.
6. The chicken of the Blue Hen.
7. The nest of an oriole.
8. The mother of Jack Randolph.

What mark is used to show ownership in the forms that you have written?

Find and write out ten sentences containing words that show ownership by their form.

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hedge	Chinese	tortoise	pickerel
jaunty	horizon	habitude	pantaloons
complex	snouted	crowding	Hesperides

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!

Oh, for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,

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How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,

Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine.
Oh, for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.

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I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night—
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches, too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (Selected).

John Greenleaf Whittier was a member of the society of Friends, and for this reason was often called "The Quaker Poet." His home was in Massachusetts, and most of his life was spent in the country.

In the poem, "The Barefoot Boy," Whittier tells something of his boyhood. "In School Days, "The Song of the Huskers," "Snow Bound," and other poems also give glimpses of his early life.

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idea	Justice	shabbily	imagine
false	serious	declined	Richmond
regret	harshly	suffered	purchases

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

John Marshall was one of a large family of children. Their father was not a rich man, and when John was a boy it was not easy to get the comforts of life. The father made up his mind, however, to send his children to school.

No doubt that in after years John thanked him many times for this schooling. Nor would he ever regret the hardships by which he gained what made him the great and good man that he was.

You may be sure that he, like other little boys and girls, was often tired of his books, but he did not give up for that.

As John Marshall grew older, there was no office in the gift of his country that he could not have had. When he died he was greatly mourned, and it was felt that in his death the country suffered serious loss.

He was very poor, and often had to dress shabbily. When he lived in Richmond, he used to go to market with his basket on his arm, and bring home what was needed.

One day he was turning away from the market with his purchases, when he heard a young man near him speaking harshly. Marshall turned and saw a finely

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THE OLD MARKET IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

dressed young man, who had bought a turkey, and who could not find any one to carry it home for him.

"Of course I cannot take it home myself," said the young man. "What am I to do?" And he was very angry at the bare idea.

John Marshall stepped up to him, and said quietly, "Where do you live, sir?"

The young man turned, and seeing a shabbily dressed old countryman, thought, "This old fellow wants to make a little money, so I shall let him carry my turkey." Handing over the turkey, the young man said, "You may follow me."

Judge Marshall did so. When they reached the end

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of their walk, the young man took the turkey, and handed the bearer a piece of money. The young man

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL'S HOME IN RICHMOND.

was astonished when it was declined, and said to some one passing, "Who is that curious old fellow?"

"That is Judge Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States," was the answer.

You may imagine how the young man felt as he said, "What made him bring home my turkey?"

"Perhaps to give you a lesson on false pride," was the answer.

MARY TUCKER MAGILL (Adapted).

This story is from "Famous Men of Virginia," a book in which Mrs. Magill has told many interesting things about men whom we highly honor.

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aye honest recipe utmost
worthy strictly conscience

A SIMPLE RECIPE.

To be a wholly worthy man,
As you, my boy, would like to be,–
This is to show you how you can–
This simple recipe.

Be honest–both in word and act,
Be strictly truthful through and through:
Fact cannot fail,–You stick to fact,
And fact will stick to you.

Be clean–outside and in, and sweep
Both hearth and heart, and hold them bright.
Wear snowy linen–aye, and keep
Your conscience snowy-white.

Do right, your utmost–good *must* come
To you who do your level best–
Your very hopes will help you some,
And work will do the rest.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

The home of James Whitcomb Riley is in Indiana. He is often called "The Hoosier Poet." Many of his poems have been written for children, as "Rhymes of Childhood," "A Child World," and "The Book of Joyous Children." (First Reader, p. 73.)

"A Simple Recipe" is used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company, from "His Pa's Romance," copyrighted, 1903.

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reins	circus	Chinese	Lafayette
apron	except	breeches	interesting
queue	pattern	addition	handkerchief

CHINESE CHILDREN AND THEIR GAMES.

Before I went to China, I could not but wonder, when I saw a Chinese or Japanese doll, why it was that they made so strange-looking things for babies to play with.

When I reached the East, the whole matter was made clear to me by my first sight of a baby. The doll looks like the child!

When the child begins to walk and to talk, it is very interesting.

Its father has a little push cart made by which it learns to walk.

The nurse goes about the court with the baby repeating *ba ba*, *ma ma*, which means *father*, *mother*. She also

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teaches the child the names of the other members of the family.

When the boy is old enough, he grows a queue. We do not think any less of the Chinese boy for wearing his hair in this fashion.

We must remember that George Washington and Lafayette and other men of their times wore their hair in a braid down their backs.

This queue has a great many uses. The workman spreads a handkerchief or towel over his head, wraps his queue around it, and makes for himself a hat. The cart driver whips his mule with it. The beggar uses it to scare away the dogs.

The father takes hold of his little boy's queue instead of his hand, when walking with him on the street; or the child follows holding to his father's queue.

The boys use one another's queues as reins when they play horse, and they also serve in some of the other games that the boys play.

The Chinese boys and girls are little men and women. At an early age they learn the rules of conduct, which they use through life.

Their clothes are cut on the same pattern, out of the same kind of cloth as those of their parents and grand-

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parents. There are no kilts and knee-breeches, aprons and short skirts, to make them feel that they are little people.

The nursery is well provided with rhymes about parts of the body. They have rhymes to repeat when they play with the five fingers, and others when they pull the toes; rhymes when they take hold of the knee, and expect the child to keep from laughing; rhymes about the face, and so on.

Here is a little rhyme that is as pleasing to the Chinese child as the "little pig" has always been to our children:

This little cow eats grass,
This little cow eats hay,
This little cow drinks water,
This little cow runs away,
This little cow does nothing,
Except lie down all day.
We'll whip her.

With that, the nurse or mother playfully slaps the little bare foot.

In addition to his games and rhymes, the fairs that are held in the great temples are to the Chinese boy what a fair, or a circus, or a Fourth of July is to an American farmer's boy or girl. He has his cash, or Chinese coins, for candy or fruit, and for his crackers that he fires off at New Year's time.

Kite-flying is a pleasure that no American boy cares for as does the Chinese. This pleasure clings to him

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until he is old, for it is not uncommon to find a child and his grandfather flying their kites together.

The Chinese child is also fond of pets. He has birds, which he carries around in cages or on a perch. He has his crickets, with which he amuses himself; and his gold fish, which bring him days and years of delight.

ISAAC T. HEADLAND (Selected).

The Reverend Isaac Taylor Headland went to China in 1890, and ever since that time has been professor in the University of Peking.

He has also been pastor of one of the churches of Peking.

During his long stay in China, Mr. Headland has come to know the Chinese children well, and has written delightfully about them in "The Chinese Boy and Girl," from which this story is taken, in "Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes," and in "Chinese Heroes."

These books are published by the Fleming H. Revell Company.

Write a letter to a Chinese boy or girl telling about the games you like to play.

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sweat poultry envious carelessly

THE ENVIOUS WREN.

On the ground lived a Hen,
In a tree lived a Wren,
Who picked up her food here and there;
While Biddy had wheat
And all nice things to eat,
Said the Wren, "I declare, 'tisn't fair!"

"Now, there is that Hen,"
Said this cross little Wren,
"She's fed till she's fat as a drum;
While I strive and sweat
For each bug that I get,
And nobody gives me a crumb.

"I can't see for my life,
Why the old farmer's wife
Treats her so much better than me.
Suppose on the ground
I hop carelessly round
For awhile, and just see what I'll see."

So down flew the Wren;
"Stop to tea," said the Hen;
And soon Biddy's supper was sent;
But scarce stopping to taste,
The poor bird left in haste,
And this was the reason she went:

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When the farmer's kind dame
To the poultry yard came,
She said—and the Wren shook with fright,—
"Biddy's so fat, she'll do
For a pie or a stew,
And I guess I shall kill her to-night."

PHOEBE CARY.

sieve	muscle	cistern	umbrellas
ocean	cushion	monsters	microscope
torrid	harpoon	spurting	spermaceti

THE WHALE'S STORY.

"I see you reading often," said the whalebone to Freddy. "I dare say that you know a good deal about us."

"No, I have not read about you yet, and I know only that you are the biggest fish there is," answered Freddy.

The whalebone creaked and shook, as if it were laughing.

"You are wrong there," it said. "We are not fishes at all, though many stupid persons have called us so for a long time.

"We cannot live without air; we have warm, red blood; and we do not lay eggs. So we are *not* fishes, but we really are the biggest creatures in the sea and out of it.

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"Why, some of us are nearly a hundred feet long. Our tails alone are fifteen or twenty feet wide. The biggest of us weigh five hundred thousand pounds, and have the fat, bone, and muscle of a thousand cattle.

"The lower jaw of one of my family made an arch large enough for a man on horseback to ride under easily. My cousins of the sperm family usually yield eighty barrels of oil."

"What monsters you are!" cried Freddy, taking a long breath.

"I was a Right whale from Greenland," went on the bone. "The Sperms live in warm places; but to us the torrid zone is like a sea of fire, and we do not pass it. Our cousins do. They go to the East Indies by way of the North Pole."

"I should like to hear what you eat, and how you live," said Freddy.

"Well, we do not have any teeth — our branch of the family. We live on creatures so small that you could see them only with a microscope. Yes, you may stare, but it is true.

"The roofs of our mouths are made of whalebone, in broad pieces from six to eight feet long. These are placed one against the other, so as to make a big sieve.

"The tongue lies below, like a cushion of white satin. It is big enough to make five barrels of oil itself.

"When we want to feed, we rush through the water. It is full of the little things that we eat, and we catch them in our sieve, spurting the water through two holes

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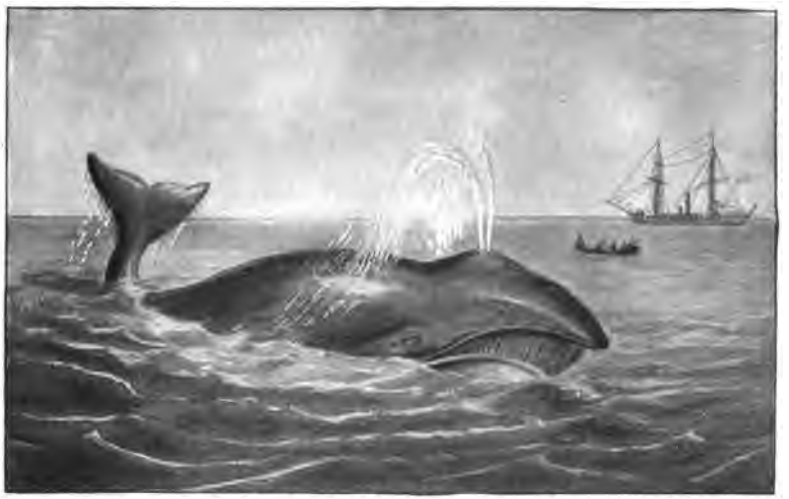
in our heads. Then we collect the food with our tongues and swallow it. Though we are so big, our throats are small.

"We roam about in the ocean, leaping and floating,



feeding and spouting, flying from our enemies, or fighting bravely to defend our young ones."

"Have you any enemies? I should not think that you could have; you are so large," said Freddy.

"But we have, and many, too,—three that attack us in the water, and several more that men use against us. The killer, the sword-fish, and the thrasher trouble us at home.

"Then men harpoon us, shoot us, or entrap us. They make us into oil and candles, and stiffening for gowns and umbrellas," said the bone in a tone of scorn.

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Freddy laughed at the idea, and asked, "How about candles? I know about oil and umbrellas, but I thought that candles were made of wax."

"I cannot say much on that point. I know only that when a Sperm whale is killed, they make oil out of the fat part. The Sperms have also a sort of cistern in their heads, full of stuff like cream.

"Men cut a hole in the skull, and dip it out. They sometimes get sixteen or twenty barrels. This is made into what you call spermaceti candles."

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

So much of Miss Alcott's early life has been put into the story of "Little Women," that the best way to know her is to read the book. Miss Alcott was born in Pennsylvania, but spent most of her life in Massachusetts.

"The Whale's Story" is told in "Under the Lilacs." Some of the other books by the same writer are "Little Men," "Old Fashioned Girl," "Eight Cousins," "Rose in Bloom," and "Jack and Jill."

EXCELSIOR.

Over his head were the maple buds,
And over the tree was the moon,
And over the moon were the starry studs,
That drop from the angel's shoon.*

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

*Shoon is the Scotch word for shoes.

Digitized by Google

Cairo	ledge	Mooskee	latticed
Koran	bazaar	memory	alphabet
guide	commit	cashmere	arithmetic

THE BAZAARS OF CAIRO.

The Mooskee is the best known street in Cairo. It is also the only one in the old part of the town which the traveler can find without a guide. It runs straight for a mile, perhaps, and is broad enough for carriages.

A large part of this street is roofed with cane or palm

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slats. Through these the sun sifts a little light, and the street is cool and pleasant. No other street in the world seems to show so many kinds of people and in no other one can be heard so many languages.

If the Mooskee is crowded, the bazaars are a jam. Things that are wanted are far apart. If one wishes to make two or three purchases, he must use a whole day.

In one quarter are red slippers, nothing but red slippers, hundreds of shops hung with them; the yellow slippers are in another quarter, and by no chance does one merchant keep both kinds.

There are the silk bazaars, the gold bazaars, the silver bazaars, the brass, the arms, the cotton, the spice, and the fruit bazaars.

And what is a bazaar? Merely a lane, roofed with matting it may be, on each side of which are little shops, not much bigger than a dry-goods box. Often there is a story above, with hanging balconies and latticed windows.

On the ledge of his shop the merchant, in fine robes of silk and linen, sits cross-legged, perhaps smoking. He sits all day sipping coffee and talking with his friends. At the time of prayer, he spreads his prayer-carpet in public, and says his prayers.

On the other side of the street is a shop where three men sit cross-legged, making cashmere shawls by piecing old bits of India scarfs.

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On the next corner is a public fountain, and over it is heard the "studying" of a school. It is a boys' school, and both the master and the pupils are sitting on the floor.

Each pupil has before him his lesson written on a wooden tablet, and this he is reading at the top of his voice. He commits his lesson to memory, all the time swaying backwards and forwards.

With twenty boys shouting together, the noise is heard above all the sounds of the street. If a boy looks off or stops reciting, the stick of the schoolmaster sets him going again.

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The boys learn first the alphabet, then the ninety-nine names of God. They next take up the Koran, which is their Bible. This they learn chapter by chapter. If the boy needs writing and arithmetic, he learns them from the steelyard weigher in the market.

Sitting in the bazaar for an hour, one will see strange sights. We can never get used to the ungainly camel. He thrusts his huge bulk into the narrow lane, and stretches his snake neck from side to side.

His dark driver sits high up in the dusk of the roof on the wooden saddle, and sways to and fro with the long stride of the beast.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER (Adapted).

The boyhood of Charles Dudley Warner was spent in Massachusetts and New York; his last years, in Connecticut. Much of his early life has been related by Mr. Warner in his book "Being a Boy," which is a delightful story.

Some of this writer's most interesting books were written about his travels. "The Bazaars of Cairo" is taken from "My Winter on the Nile," and is used by permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, the publishers.

Write the full forms of these words:

can't=can not	doesn't	couldn't
don't	I'll	didn't
I'd	it's	I'm
isn't	you'd	'tis
she'll	o'er	'twould
he'd	she'd	e'er

What mark takes the place of the omitted letter or letters?

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A CLOSE RACE.

The sun was bright, the sky was blue,
It was so fair a day,
The wind sprang up, drew in his breath,
And said, "Come out and play!"
The little waves cried, "Wait for us
Before the sport begins!"
Then tied their little white caps fast
Beneath their dimpled chins.

"Now," cried the wind, "we'll have a race,
And see who first can reach,
By running fast and running far,
The line of yellow beach!"
The little waves ran hand in hand,
To win was all their mind;
With steady step and eager breath
The wind ran close behind.

"Oh!" cried the waves, "the race is ours!
We're first to reach the land!"
"Ho!" laughed the wind, then pushed them all
Down on the yellow sand.
The little waves cared not a bit,
But laughed aloud in glee,
Then smoothed their rumpled dresses out
And scampered back to sea.

SARAH CHAMBERLAIN WEED.

Digitized by Google

baobab	greedily	wriggled	completely
thirsty	gleaming	direction	cautiously
furious	enormous	constantly	approaching

MOTO'S ELEPHANT HUNT.

After a good breakfast of rice and curry, which the chief of our band sent me from his table to make me strong, I started. It was then about noon, and the sun was very hot, though in the forest it would be cool enough.

In a short time I was by the river, a crooked little stream of delicious and clear water. I walked along looking to the right and left constantly for hours, when just about two hours before sunset I heard a hollow sound, as though the earth were shaking.

I knew, after listening, that the sound was caused by a herd of elephants walking in file along the hard-

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baked road, and that they were approaching the stream to drink.

In a moment I was down on my face like a dead man. The grass was about two feet high, and very thick, so that I was quite safe, if I did not stir, and I am too old a hunter not to know what to do in the neighborhood of elephants.

As the elephants passed by, I lifted up my head cautiously, and counted them. Two-four-six-eight-ten enormous beasts, who tossed their trunks aloft, as if they were the masters of the forest, and knew it. They passed on, and I wriggled out until I was some distance away.

Then I jumped up and leaped across the stream, and on all fours crept across a deep bend of it. Lying flat on the ground, I moved toward a great tree, a baobab, that stood between me and them.

If the elephants had all stood in a row drinking from the river, I could never have come up to them unseen; but one greedily thirsty fellow was standing in the middle of the stream, almost touching the baobab tree with his side, so that he completely hid me from the others.

Bringing down my gun, I pointed it three inches or so behind the left fore leg, on a level with the beast, and fired. The elephant sprang forward. By doing so, he left me right under the eyes of the others as I hurried away. I was bounding over the low bushes and grass tops as if I were an antelope.

The elephants got over their surprise in a second. Then a wild snort of rage greeted my ears, and I knew

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by the crash of the bushes and splash of water that they were after me.

The awful crashing came nearer and nearer, and I saw that the lord of the herd was but thirty paces from me. He seemed to tower up to three times his usual height, and to swell out to three times his natural size.

His great ears stood straight out as flat as a board, and his eyes were like coals of fire. His trunk was lifted up, his head was stretched out, and the two long, mighty, gleaming teeth seemed awful just then.

I suppose that he was only fifteen feet from me when the tricks of the elephant hunters came to my mind. In an instant I turned half-way, and ran out straight to the right from the direction that I had first been going.

The elephants passed on, rushing ahead. I had got fifty yards away before they could turn about. Only for an instant they stopped. They caught sight of me again, and with loud, furious snorting, again they charged in a mass.

I am a swift runner, but the best of us seem to crawl, compared to the speed of an elephant for the first few hundred yards. The elephants were gaining rapidly.

A little distance off before me, and to the left, was a clump of brushwood. If I could gain that, I might find somewhere to hide.

In a few moments I reached it, and looking sharply about, I found a hole in the ground. It belonged to a wild boar, but I thought that it would be a good place to hide, so I dropped down and crawled in.

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I heard the elephants thunder overhead. At the same instant there was a grunt behind me, and I was shot out of that hole, like a bullet out of a gun. I lost all knowledge of everything for many hours.

When I recovered, it was night. My friends found me, and carried me back to the camp.

Next day the elephant was picked up, about two hours' distance from the place where I had shot him. The tusks were as large as any that were ever seen, and brought a large sum of money.

HENRY M. STANLEY (Adapted).

When Sir Henry Morton Stanley was a child, he lived in Wales. He lost his parents, and had no home, no friends, and no money. At the age of sixteen he came to America, to New Orleans, and there he found a home with a generous man.

In 1870 Stanley was sent to Africa to look for Dr. Livingstone. He was successful in his search, and afterward became an explorer himself. For his work in Africa, he was made a knight by Queen Victoria.

Nearly all Sir Henry's books are about Africa, and are very interesting. "Moto's Elephant Hunt" is from "My Kalulu."

Copy:

1. Ruth was at Key West. Mark was at Key West. Ruth and Mark were at Key West.

Combine in the same way:

2. A poor man sat at work. His wife sat at work.

3. Ulysses had been fighting at Troy. His soldiers had been fighting at Troy.

4. The little boys of Japan are gentle in manners. The little girls of Japan are gentle in manners.

Digitized by Google

quoth blithe earn envies doffed

THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

There dwelt a miller hale and bold
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
"I envy nobody; no, not I,
And nobody envies me."

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said old King Hal,
"As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now, what makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the king,
Beside the river Dee?"

The miller smiled, and doffed his cap,
"I can earn my bread," quoth he:
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay,
I thank the river Dee

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That turns the mill that grinds the corn,
To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell! and happy be!
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

CHARLES MACKAY.

Although Charles Mackay wrote books and edited papers and magazines, he is best known by his songs. "The Good Time Coming," "To the West! To the West!" and many others have been sung wherever the English language is spoken.

Dr. Mackay's home was in Scotland.

Copy:

1. Elizabeth was the queen of England.
2. The leopard is found in Africa.
3. Our sponges came from Key West.
4. In South Carolina are great rice fields.
5. The house was in Market Street.

With what kind of letter do the names of countries, cities, towns and streets begin?
Write ten sentences, every one containing the name of a place.

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divan	peddler	primary	satisfied
booths	receive	grammar	embroidered
salaam	decided	courtesy	Constantinople

CHILDREN IN TURKEY.

The city of Constantinople is sometimes spoken of as "the dream-city come true." This is because we may yet find in this city so many of the wonderful things described in the "Arabian Nights."

Everywhere in the streets are open shops, or "booths," in which are sold the rich carpets, and rugs, and stuffs of the East.

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If you want to see the children of Constantinople on a holiday, you must visit the "Sweet Waters of Asia." This is a park not far from the great city.

Here you will see whole families with their servants and slaves, black and white. Children by the score play around upon the green under the plane trees.

Yellow corn on the cob, smoking hot, is sold by peddlers to the groups of families, who eat it off the ear. Candy and cakes in every shape are also sold, and all sorts of toys.

These children are very polite to strangers. The higher a person is in rank, the lower is the bow, or salaam, that is made to him. One little boy that saluted us touched the earth with his right hand, brought it up to his mouth, and then tipped his forehead.

This is a courtesy which, from a child, says: "From the earth, our mother, I give you my heart, and with my hand to my brow, I salute you!"

By the time the boy has reached his sixth year, he begins to think about school. His father and mother then give him small presents. Among these there is always a bag with a strap. This is to be hung on his shoulder.

The bag is square in shape, and is large enough to hold his primary book. Then the book is bought. The bag and the book are covered with embroidered work.

The day to begin school is decided upon. It is a day marked with the whitest stone. Word is sent to the teacher, and the other pupils are told of the great event.

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Then a pony is bought, and fitted up with a handsome saddle and bridle. No such ponies as the spirited, yet gentle, iron-gray ponies of the East are to be found elsewhere in the world.

All the other pupils in the school come to the house of the new pupil. The little boy is placed on the pony, and all the other children form a double line in front.

Then the procession moves, the children singing a hymn. The little horse, with the little hero of the day, follows. The pony seems to feel very important.

The little girls in Turkey go to the same school as the boys. They wear a great many flowers and feathers. The boys and girls all study together.

A primary school has one or two rooms. Around three sides of each of the rooms there are large divans against the walls. The seat of the teacher is on the fourth side.

The pupils sit cross-legged in a line on the divans. They hold their books on their knees, and recite, all at the same time, in a loud, shrill voice.

After they are able to read a little from the Koran, they take up writing. As there are no writing tables or desks, they hold their copy-books in their hands.

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They learn grammar, also, and the four rules of arithmetic.

This is all the education that they receive in the primary schools. Most of the people have to be satisfied with this. Wealthy men, however, hire teachers from other countries in Europe to assist their children in the study of languages.

SAMUEL S. COX (Adapted).

Samuel S. Cox is better known as a statesman than as a writer. He was born in Ohio, but lived many years in New York City.

In 1885 he was appointed United States minister to Turkey, and held the office for a year. It was then that he learned to know the people of that country.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

LORD ALFRED TENNYSON.

Copy the poem.
Write in pairs, the words that rhyme.

Digitized by Google

admit	citizen	Tennyson	Alexander
essay	famous	Leonard	literature
author	Rosetta	scholars	hesitation

ROSETTA POPE'S SCHOOL.

"What are you doing?"

It was Rosetta's uncle that asked the question. Rosetta looked up with a little laugh.

"I'm playing school," she said.

Uncle Leonard came near and gazed at her row of pupils, first in wonder, then with an amused smile.

"You have some very famous scholars," he observed.

A dozen or more "Author" cards were ranged on chairs before her, and each card pictured the face of a man or a woman well known in literature.

"Is Tennyson at the head or the foot of the class?" Uncle Leonard asked, his eyes twinkling.

"Oh, at the head!" Rosetta answered. "I don't know what other people think, but I rank them first just as I like them, and then if they don't recite well, they have to go down."

"Pray, what do they recite?" her uncle asked. "Spelling and geography?"

"Of course not! They recite from their own works—here are the lessons," and she laid her hand on a big pile of books at her right.

"Do you admit visitors?"

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"Oh, yes! Mamma often comes in. That's the visitor's seat," pointing to a great arm-chair.

So from the other side of the room Uncle Leonard watched the small teacher and her famous scholars.

"Lord Tennyson will please recite his New Year's poem, beginning:

'Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky.'"

Then Rosetta selected a book from the pile, and keeping her finger in the place, recited the lines with very little hesitation.

"Well done!" praised her uncle.

"Thank you," said Rosetta.

The next card bore the face of Alexander Pope, and the teacher said, "Mr. Pope, you may recite two lines from your 'Essay on Man.'"

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Again Rosetta spoke for her pupil:

"'Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well thy part, there all the honor lies.'

"I don't understand much of his," she exclaimed; "but as our names are the same, I thought that I should put him in somewhere, and he has learned those lines so well that he stays up near the head."

Uncle Leonard burst out laughing, but was checked by Rosetta's warning finger.

"Mr. Cowper, please give us the first and last stanzas of 'John Gilpin.'"

Rosetta began bravely enough:

"'John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown;
A——'"

Silently she puckered her forehead, and then said in a voice supposed to be stern:

"Mr. Cowper, you may go to the foot!" adding to her uncle, "I never can remember that, but I like it."

"And how often do you have this sort of thing?" asked Uncle Leonard.

"Oh, whenever I get lonesome. I would rather have you talk to me now," and with a sweep of her hand, she gathered her famous pupils into a pack, and tossed it on the table.

"Tell me about Cousin Maud, please!" she coaxed.

"One thing about her is that she is lonely most of the time, as we live so far from neighbors. I think that I

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shall buy her a set of 'Authors' on my way home, and tell her about this school of yours."

"Oh, do!" cried Rosetta. "And then when she comes down here next summer, we can play school together. Mamma likes it, because she says it teaches me so much."

"I should say so! I shall have to coach Maud first; she doesn't know one author from another."

"Neither did I until I learned," said Rosetta.

EMMA C. DOWD (Adapted).

THE TOADSTOOL.

There's a thing that grows by the fainting flower,
And springs in the shade of the lady's bower;
The lily shrinks, and the rose turns pale,
When they feel its breath in the summer gale,
And the tulip curls its leaves in pride,
And the blue-eyed violet starts aside;
But the lily may flaunt, and the tulip stare,
For what does the honest toadstool care?

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is sometimes called "The Autocrat" from the title of one of his books, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." His home was in Boston.

Dr. Holmes wrote both prose and poetry. He was a very witty man, and also given to kindly fun. Some of his writings are humorous; some, serious. Of the first kind are "The One-Hoss Shay," "The Ballad of the Oysterman," "The Hot Season." Of the more serious are "Old Ironsides," "The Chambered Nautilus," "The Last Leaf."

Digitized by Google

myriad billowy forester mission

WHAT THE WOOD-FIRE SAID.

What said the wood in the fire
To the little boy that night,
The little boy of the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little armchair,
When the blaze was burning bright?

The wood said, "See
What they've done to me!
I stood in the forest a beautiful tree,
And waved my branches from east to west,
And many a sweet bird built its nest
In my leaves of green,

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That loved to lean
In springtime over the daisy's breast.

"From the blossoming dells,
Where the violet dwells,
The cattle came with their clanging bells,
And rested under my shadows sweet,
And the winds that went over the clover and wheat
Told me all that they knew
Of the flowers that grew
In the beautiful meadows that dreamed at my feet.

"And in springtime sweet faces
Of myriad graces
Came beaming and gleaming from flowery places;
And under my grateful and joy-giving shade,
With cheeks like primroses little ones played;
And the sunshine in showers,
Through all the bright hours,
Bound their flowery ringlets with silvery braid.

"And the lightning
Came brightening,
From storm skies, and frightening
The wandering birds that were tossed by the breeze,
And tilted like ships on black, billowy seas;
But they flew to my breast,
And I rocked them to rest,
While the trembling vines clustered and clung to my knees.

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"But how soon," said the wood,
"Fades the memory of good!
For the forester came with his axe gleaming bright,
And I fell like a giant all shorn of his might.
Yet still there must be
Some sweet mission for me,
For have I not warmed you and cheered you to-night?"

So said the wood in the fire
To the little boy that night,
The little boy of the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little armchair,
When the blaze was burning bright.

FRANK L. STANTON.

The home of Mr. Stanton is in South Carolina. Much of his time is given to writing for the *Atlanta Constitution.* "What the Wood-Fire Said" is from his "Songs from Dixie Land."

Copy:

1. Did you notice how gamy he was, Little Brother?
2. Oh, sister, look out of the window!
3. Oh, mother, do get him some stockings and shoes!
4. How do you do, David?
5. Shove the boat in here, Joe!
6. Can you tell me, Harry, where my knife is?

By what mark have you set off the names of the persons spoken to? Find or make five sentences containing the names of persons spoken to.

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depot	freight	Sierras	conductor
engine	excited	prairie	locomotive
Hoosac	Chicago	engineer	bewildered

THE PONY ENGINE.

The thing that the little Pony Engine wanted to be the most in the world was the locomotive of the Pacific Express.

Once he raced it a little piece, and beat it, before the Express locomotive was under way. Indeed, he almost got in front of it on a switch. My, but his mother was scared! She just screamed to him with her whistle.

But the little Pony Engine didn't care.

He had beaten the Pacific Express in a hundred yards, and what was to hinder him from beating it as long as he chose?

So one dark, snowy, blowy afternoon, when his mother was off pushing some empty coal cars beyond Charles-

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town, the little Pony Engine got on the track in front of the Express. When he heard the conductor say "All aboard!" and saw the brakeman lean out and wave to the engineer, he darted off like lightning.

The Pony Engine was so excited for awhile that he couldn't tell whether the Express was gaining on him or not; but after twenty or thirty miles, he thought that he heard it pretty near. Of course the Express locomotive was drawing a heavy train of cars, and had to make a stop now and then, so the Pony Engine did really gain a little. When he began to be scared he gained a great deal.

The first place where he began to feel sorry, and to want his mother, was in Hoosac Tunnel. He kept thinking, What if the Pacific Express was to run over him there in the dark, and his mother away off there in Boston, looking for him among the side-tracks?

He gave a shriek, and just then shot out of the tunnel. A number of locomotives were standing there at North Adams. One of them shouted to him as he flew by, "What's your hurry, little one?" and he just screamed back, "Pacific Express!" and never stopped to explain.

All through the long, dark night, whenever a locomotive hailed the Pony Engine, he just screamed, "Pacific Express!" and kept on. And the Express kept gaining. On, on he whizzed across New York State and Ohio and Indiana till he got to Chicago. And the Express kept gaining.

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By that time he was so hoarse that he could hardly whisper, but he kept saying, "Pacific Express! Pacific Express!" and kept right on until he reached the Mississippi River.

There he found a long train of freight cars on the bridge. He couldn't wait, and so he slipped down from the track to the edge of the river and jumped across. Then he scrambled up the bank to the track again.

After that he had a little rest, for the Express had to wait for the freight train to get off the bridge. So the Pony Engine stopped at the first station for a drink of water and a mouthful of coal, and then he flew ahead again.

At Omaha a kind old locomotive tried to find out where the Pony Engine belonged, and what his mother's name was, but the little thing was so bewildered that he could not tell. And the Express kept gaining.

On the plains he was chased by a pack of prairie wolves, but he left them behind. The antelopes were scared half to death.

He thought now that if he could only beat the Express to the Sierras, he could keep the start the rest of the way. He could get over the mountain more quickly than the Express, and might be in San Francisco before the Express got to Sacramento.

The Express kept gaining. But the Pony Engine just zipped along the upper edge of Kansas and the lower edge of Nebraska, and on through Colorado and Utah and Nevada. When he got to the Sierras, he

Digitized by Google

stopped a little, and went over them like a goat. He just doubled up his fore wheels under him, and jumped.

By this time the Pony Engine couldn't say "Pacific Express" any more, and he didn't try. He just said "Express! Express!" and then "'Press! 'Press!" and then "'Ess! 'Ess!" and pretty soon only "'Ss! 'Ss!"

Before they reached San Francisco, the Express locomotive's cow-catcher was almost touching the Pony Engine. He gave one howl of anguish as he felt the hot breath of the locomotive. Then he tore through the end of the San Francisco depot, and plunged into the Pacific Ocean.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS (Adapted).

The early life of William Dean Howells was spent in Ohio, and has been described by him in a charming manner in "A Boy's Town" and "The Flight of Pony Baker."

Mr. Howells has written many novels, books of travel, and some poems, but he also wrote for the girls and boys alone. In his book called "Christmas Every Day" are found the stories "Christmas Every Day," "The Pumpkin Glory," and "The Pony Engine." It is published by Harper and Brothers.

Copy:	lit tle	spell ing	re mem ber
	chil dren	crim son	lo co mo tive

Break the following words into syllables:

Charlestown, middle, fighting, primary, Constantinople, peddler, recipe, opinion, pumpkin, attempt, plainly, another.

How should a word be broken when there is not room for all of it on one line? [See pp. 144, 125, 120, 99, 97, 74, 68.]

Digitized by Google

eaves		savory
glacier		granite
dwarfs		roguish
damask		vanished
generous		convenient
separated		threatened

THE SWISS CLOCK'S STORY.

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" said a busy little gentleman, popping his head out of an open door. "It's time somebody asked me to tell all that I know. Pray, what is the use of my stepping up every half-hour to remind you that I am here, if I am never to have a chance to speak?"

"I'm ready, if you are, Mr. Cuckoo," answered Robert, laughing at his fussy little ways.

"In a valley, in view of a lake fed by the noisy waters of a glacier stream, I first saw the light," said the Cuckoo. He now lived in a carved Swiss clock, hanging upon the wall of the Standish drawing-room.

"The house that my maker lived in was one of a village of little wooden houses with overhanging roofs kept in place by large stones. This was to provide against the fierce gusts of wind that swept the street in winter, and threatened to lift the roofs.

"The houses were built so closely together that one

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could almost shake hands with his neighbors across the street by leaning from the window. Most of the houses had curved balconies around them.

"Up under the eaves of the roofs hung corn, put there

to dry for the cows, horses, goats, and poultry, which lived on the ground floor during the cold season. The animals were separated from the family above only by a flooring of thin planks.

"The cart was kept in the yard leaning against the house-wall. When the horse was to be harnessed to it, he had only to step out of one of the doorways of the dwelling. Nothing could be more convenient when the great snows fell.

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"In this village there were several wood-carvers, of whom my maker was the chief. Sometimes they would band together to work and chat.

"There it was that I heard many interesting tales about the race of dwarfs, or Hill-men, who once lived in the clefts and caverns of the surrounding mountains.

"The Hill-men were said to be friendly enough to deserving people, but they did not mind flying into a terrible rage, if their wills were crossed.

"In winter, when the outer world was one vast field of ice and snow and frowning granite; when only the great glacier, dividing the highest mountains, lit at morning and at evening with a rosy glow from the snow; when howling winds bent the fir-trees low upon the cliffs—then the Hill-men were never seen abroad.

"A merry fellow and full of roguish tricks, was the Swiss Hill-man, in spite of his hot temper. He was kind, and generous, too.

"If a weak child was sent by its parents to fetch home firewood, often would he find a neatly made bundle of sticks lying across the forest-path.

"Sometimes a poor old crone would discover in her hay-shed a dozen pearly eggs where she had hoped for but one; and sometimes, at the elbow of the toiling woodsman, a bowl of frothing milk would appear.

"Many a stray lamb he drove back to the fold, and many a shepherd he guided to where his missing herds were grazing.

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"One of the pleasant stories about the valley-roaming dwarfs was as follows: One day an honest laborer named Bartel went out with his little son to plow a field, which he meant to sow with grain.

"Bartel was not a skilled hand with his plow, and he felt very anxious about the success of his work, since, lately, all his sheep had died, and poverty was staring him in the face.

"From dawn till noon, the father and son worked patiently, turning the grassy soil in furrows, the sweat rolling from their foreheads.

"The boy, who was very tired, stopped to rest. Looking over at the rocky heights beyond, he saw smoke rising from a hill-top, while the air was filled with the smell of savory cooking.

"'Look, father!' cried the lad. 'There is the smoke from the Hill-men's kitchen. No doubt they are making

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ready for a feast. How good their cooking smells when one has had nothing to eat but a crust of bread since morning! Ah, if we had but one little dish—whether roast, boiled, or baked I care not—out of their plenty!'

"The father sighed, for he had nothing to give his child. Silently he plowed on, when lo! a wonder appeared. There, right in the middle of a furrow, upon a napkin of fine white linen, lay a silver dish, heaped with roast beef, and beside it a loaf of bread.

"'Hurrah! long live the generous dwarfs!' cried father and son together. They ate plentifully of the good meal, and were careful to put the silver platter, fork, and napkin back where they had been found.

"By the time that they had made the round of the field again, every one of the belongings of the dwarfs had vanished, excepting the damask cloth. This Bartel took home as a token of luck to come, and for many, many years the curious little cloth was handed down in his family.

"From the day of their unexpected feast, Bartel and his son prospered in all that they tried to do, and in time came to be the rich folk of the neighborhood."

MRS. BURTON HARRISON (Adapted).

Mrs. Harrison was born in Virginia, and spent her early life there. She afterwards studied in Europe, and traveled in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Most of Mrs. Harrison's books are for older people, but she has also remembered the children in "Old Fashioned Fairy Books," "Folk and Fairy Tales," and "Bric-à-Brac Stories." "The Swiss Clock Story" is taken from the last-named book, which is published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

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cedar	balsam	tassels	Hiawatha
sinews	crevice	solitary	Tamarack
pliant	asunder	murmur	resistance
summit	fissure	mystery	resplendent

HIAWATHA'S SAILING.

"Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree:
Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree.
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
That shall float upon the river,

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Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!

"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"

This aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
When the birds were singing gayly,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward,
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,

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My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"
Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Larch, with all its fibers,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"
From the earth he tore the fibers,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

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"Give me of your balm, O Fir Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,

So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Fir Tree, tall and somber,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"

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And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir Tree,
Seamed therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.

"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!"

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"

From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them blue and red and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;

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And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river,
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Copy:

And the forest's life was in it.

Change to:

And the life of the forest was in it.

Copy and change:

Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace.
Health that mocks at doctor's rules.
Of the wild bee's morning chase.
Of the wild flower's time and place.

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acres	bribing	respects	passenger
trials	earnest	whooping	particular
shrewd	measure	objection	mosquitoes

CATCHING CHARLIE.

This morning, while the dew was yet on the grass, word came that Charlie had got away. Now Charlie is a most important member of the family, and as shrewd a horse as ever need be.

Lately he had found out the difference between being harnessed by a boy and by a man. So it has happened several times, that as soon as the halter dropped from his head, before the bridle could take its place, Charlie backed boldly out of the stable, in spite of the stout boy pulling with all his might at his mane and ears.

On this particular morning, we were to put a passenger friend on board the cars at ten minutes past eight o'clock; it was now thirty minutes past seven.

Out popped Charlie from his stall, like a cork from a bottle, and lo! some fifty acres there were in which to try his legs and ours, to say nothing of tempers.

First, the lady with a measure of oats attempted to do the thing by bribing him. Not he! He had no objection to the oats, none to the hand, until it came near his head; then off he sprang.

After one or two trials, we dropped the oats, and went at it in good earnest,—called all the boys, headed him off this way, ran him out of the growing oats, drove him into the upper lot, and out of it again.

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We got him into a corner with great pains, and he got himself out of it without the least trouble. He

would dash through a line of six or eight whooping boys with as little effort as if they had been so many mosquitoes.

Down he ran to the lower side of the lot, and down we all walked after him. Up he ran to the upper end of the lot, and up we all walked after him—too tired to run.

Oh, it was glorious fun—to him! The sun was hot, the cars were coming, and we had two miles to drive to the depot. He *did* enjoy it, and we did *not*.

We tried a new plan—opened wide the great gate of the barn-yard, and attempted to drive him in; and we did it, too—almost; for he ran close up to it—and just

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sailed past, with a laugh as plain on his face as ever horse had.

A man is away ahead of a horse in many respects;

but running on a summer day, in a twenty-acre lot, is not one of them. We got him by the brook, and while he drank—oh, how slowly!—we started up and succeeded in just missing our grab at his mane.

Now comes another splendid run. His head is up, his eyes flashing, his tail streaming out like a banner. Glancing his head this way and that, right and left, he allows us to come into the brush corner, from whence, in a few moments, he allows us to come out, and again follow him down to the barn.

But luck will not hold forever, even with horses. He dashed down a lane, and we had him. But as soon as

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he saw the gate closed, and understood the state of the case, how charmingly he behaved! He allowed us to come up and bridle him without a movement of resistance. He also showed by his whole conduct that it was the merest sport in the world, this seeming wrong-doing; and to him we have no doubt it was.

HENRY WARD BEECHER (Adapted).

When Henry Ward Beecher was a boy in school, he found it very hard to recite in the presence of his fellow pupils. To overcome this, he used to practice reciting his lessons and speeches. He became one of the greatest of American preachers and lecturers.

Mr. Beecher also gave some time to the writing of books, and is noted for a quiet humor that may easily be seen in such a story as "Catching Charlie."

Copy:

1. The squirrel played all the year. The squirrel ate all the year. The squirrel played and ate all the year.

Combine in the same way:

2. The baby in the chestnut tree became hungry. The baby in the chestnut tree cried all night.

3. He ran as fast as his legs could carry him. He scrambled as fast as his legs could carry him. He scampered as fast as his legs could carry him.

4. Carl saw the little child with the bare feet. Carl pitied the little child with bare feet.

Find or make sentences, stating that one person has done two or more things.

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tyrant	captain	possible	assistance
Arnaux	selected	necessity	waterproof
forbade	perished	addressed	immediately

ARNAUX, THE HOMING PIGEON.

The hardest of all work for a Homing Pigeon is over sea, for there is no chance of aid from landmarks. The hardest of all times for him at sea is a fog, for then even the sun is blotted out, and there is nothing whatever to guide him.

With memory, sight, and sound all gone, the Homer has one thing left, and herein is his great strength: the inborn sense of direction. There is only one thing that can destroy this, and that is fear, hence the necessity of a stout little heart between those noble wings.

Arnaux, Starbock, and Cornerbox, in a course of training, had been shipped on an ocean steamer bound for Europe. They were nearly a year old, and had already had several months of training on land.

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Now they were to be tested at sea. They were to be set free out of sight of land, but a heavy fog set in and forbade their start. The steamer took them on, intending to send them back on the next vessel.

When ten hours out, the engine broke down, the fog settled dense over the sea, and the vessel was adrift and helpless as a log. She could only whistle for assistance, but that was really of no use. Then the pigeons were thought of.

Starbock was first selected. A message for help was written on waterproof paper, rolled up, and lashed to his tail-feathers on the under side. He was thrown into the air and disappeared.

Half an hour later Cornerbox was freighted with a message. He flew up, but almost immediately he returned, and alighted on the rigging. He was the picture of Pigeon fear; nothing would induce him to leave the ship. He was so frightened, that he was easily caught and thrust back into the coop.

Now the third was brought out—a small, chunky bird. The shipmen did not know him,

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but they noted down from his anklet his name and number—Arnaux, 2590 C. It meant nothing to them, but the officer that held him noticed that his heart did not beat so wildly as that of the last bird had done.

The message was taken from Cornerbox. It ran:—

Ten A. M., Tuesday. We broke our shaft two hundred ten miles out from New York; we are drifting helplessly in the fog. Send out a tug as soon as possible. We are whistling one long, followed by one short, every sixty seconds. (Signed) THE CAPTAIN.

This was rolled up, wrapped in waterproof film, addressed to the steamship company, and lashed to the under side of Arnaux's middle tail-feather.

When thrown into the air, he circled around the ship, then around again higher and higher, then again higher in a wider circle, and he was lost to view. Still higher he went till quite out of sight and feeling of the ship and above the fog.

Shut out now from the use of all his senses but one, he gave himself up to that. Strong in him that was, and there was no room for the tyrant *Fear*.

True as a needle to the pole went Arnaux now, no hesitation, no doubts. Within one minute of leaving the coop, he was speeding straight as a ray of light for the loft where he was born, the only place on earth where he could be made content.

That afternoon Billy was on duty at the pigeon loft

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when the whistle of fast wings was heard. A blue flyer flashed into the loft, and made for the water-trough.

He was gulping down mouthful after mouthful when Billy gasped: "Why, Arnaux, it's you—you beauty." Then, with the quick habit of the Pigeon man, he pulled out his watch and marked the time, 2:40 P. M.

A glance showed the tie-string on the tail. Billy shut the door, and dropped the catch-net quickly over Arnaux's head. A minute later he had the roll in his hand; in two minutes he was speeding to the office of the steamship company.

There he learned that Arnaux had made the two hundred and ten miles in fog, over sea, in four hours and forty minutes. Within another hour the needful help had set out for the steamer.

Two hundred miles in fog over sea in four hours and forty minutes. This was a noble record. Cornerbox came back on the tug. Starbock never was heard of again. No doubt he perished at sea.

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON (*Abridged*).

Ernest Thompson Seton was born in England, but he has spent most of his life in Canada and the United States. His books are about animals, and the stories are told in so interesting a manner that we fairly become acquainted with Lobo, Rag, and the others. "Wild Animals I Have Known," "Two Little Savages," and "The Biography of a Grizzly" are very easy to read. The story of "Arnaux" is from "The Homing Pigeon," which Charles Scribner's Sons publish.

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THE ROCK-A-BY LADY.

The Rock-a-by Lady from Hushaby street
Comes stealing; comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet—
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—
"Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-by Lady from Hushaby street,

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With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.

EUGENE FIELD.

Eugene Field was born in St. Louis. He spent his later life in Chicago, where he died in 1895. Mr. Field was very fond of children, and no one has written more beautifully for them.

"Little Boy Blue," "Little Blue Pigeon," "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod" are favorites among his poems. The "Rock-a-by Lady" is from "Love Songs of Childhood," copyrighted, 1899, by Eugene Field, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

realm	Daniel	captivity	concerning
decree	Darius	preferred	counsellor
damage	petition	president	lamentable
governor	Persians	assembled	supplication

DANIEL.

It pleased Darius to set over the kingdom an hundred and twenty princes, which should be over the whole kingdom; and over these three presidents; of whom Daniel was first; that the princes might give accounts unto them and the king should have no damage.

Then this Daniel was preferred above the presidents and princes, because an excellent spirit was in him; and the king thought to set him over the whole realm.

Then the presidents and princes sought to find occasion against Daniel concerning the kingdom; but they could find none occasion nor fault; forasmuch as he was

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faithful, neither was there any error or fault found in him.

Then said these men, We shall not find any occasion

against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God.

Then these presidents and princes assembled together to the king, and said thus unto him, King Darius, live forever.

All the presidents of the kingdom, the governors, and the princes, the counsellors, and the captains, have consulted together to establish a royal statute, and to make a firm decree, that whosoever shall ask a petition of any

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God or man for thirty days, save of thee, O king, he shall be cast into the den of lions.

Now, O king, establish the decree, and sign the writing, that it be not changed, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not. Wherefore King Darius signed the writing and the decree.

Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; and his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God as he did aforetime.

Then these men assembled, and found Daniel praying and making supplication before his God.

Then they came near, and spake before the king concerning the king's decree. Hast thou not signed a decree, that every man that shall ask a petition of any God or man within thirty days, save of thee, O king, shall be cast into the den of lions?

The king answered and said, The thing is true, according to the law of the Medes and Persians which altereth not.

Then answered they and said, before the king, That Daniel, which is of the children of the captivity of Judah, regardeth not thee, O king, nor the decree that thou hast signed, but maketh his petition three times a day.

Then the king, when he heard these words, was sore displeased with himself, and set his heart on Daniel to deliver him.

Then these men assembled unto the king, and said

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unto the king: Know, O king, that the law of the Medes and Persians is, That no decree nor statute which the king establisheth may be changed.

Then the king commanded, and they brought Daniel, and cast him into the den of lions. Now the king spake and said unto Daniel, Thy God whom thou servest continually, he will deliver thee.

And a stone was brought, and laid upon the mouth of the den; and the king sealed it with his own signet, and with the signet of his lords; that the purpose might not be changed concerning Daniel.

Then the king went to his palace, and passed the night fasting: neither were instruments of music brought before him: and his sleep went from him. Then the king arose very early in the morning, and went in haste unto the den of lions.

And when he came to the den, he cried with a lamentable voice unto Daniel: and the king spake and said to Daniel, O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?

Then said Daniel unto the king, O king, live forever. My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me: forasmuch as before him innocency was found in me; and also before thee, O king, have I done no hurt.

Then was the king exceeding glad for him, and commanded that they should take Daniel up out of the den. So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God.

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coir	adieu	coffee	permission
goad	liquor	knotting	magnificent

MOTI GUJ.

I

Once upon a time there was a coffee-planter in India who wished to clear some forest land for coffee-planting. When he had cut down all the trees and burned the underwood, the stumps still remained.

For this work the elephant is often used. He will either push the stump out of the ground with his trunk, or drag it out with ropes.

The planter, therefore, hired elephants by ones and twos and threes, and fell to work.

The very best of all the elephants belonged to the very worst of all the drivers. The elephant's name was Moti Guj, which means the Pearl Elephant. Deesa was the name of his master and driver.

When Deesa had made much money through the strength of his elephant, he would drink, and then give Moti Guj a beating with a tent-peg over the tender nails of the forefeet.

Moti Guj never trampled the life out of Deesa at these times, for he knew that after the beating was over, Deesa would embrace his trunk and weep and call him his love and his life, and give him some liquor. Then Deesa would go to sleep between Moti Guj's forefeet, and the elephant would stand guard over him until his master saw fit to wake up.

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There was no sleeping in the daytime on the planter's clearing. The wages were too high to risk. Deesa sat

on Moti Guj's neck and gave him orders, while Moti Guj rooted up the stumps—for he owned a magnificent pair of tusks; or pulled at the end of a rope—for he had a magnificent pair of shoulders, while Deesa kicked him behind the ears, and said that he was the king of elephants.

At evening time Moti Guj would wash down his three hundred pounds' weight of green food with a quart of liquor, and Deesa would take a share and sing songs between Moti Guj's legs till it was time to go to bed.

Once a week Deesa led Moti Guj down to the river, and Moti Guj lay on his side in the shallows, while

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Deesa went over him with a coir-swab and a brick. Afterwards they would come up, Moti Guj all black and shining, waving a torn branch twelve feet long in his trunk, and Deesa knotting up his own long wet hair.

It was a peaceful, well-paid life till Deesa felt the return of the desire to drink deep. Then he went to the planter, and asked permission to go away for ten days.

After Deesa had spoken the truth, the planter said, "I would give you leave to go, Deesa, if anything could be done with Moti Guj while you are away. You know that he will obey only your orders."

"May I call up Moti Guj?" asked Deesa.

Permission was granted, and in answer the lordly tusker swung out of the shade of a clump of trees where he had been squirting dust over himself till his master should return.

"Light of my heart, give ear," said Deesa, standing in front of him. Moti Guj saluted with his trunk.

"I am going away," said Deesa. "I shall be gone for ten days. Hold up your near forefoot, and I'll impress the fact upon it." Deesa took a tent-peg and banged Moti Guj ten times on the nails. Moti Guj grunted and shuffled from foot to foot.

"Ten days," said Deesa, "you must work and haul and root trees as Chihun here shall order you. Take up Chihun and set him on your neck. Moti Guj curled the tip of his trunk, Chihun put his foot there, and Chihun was swung on to the neck. Deesa handed Chihun the heavy iron elephant-goad.

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Chihun thumped Moti Guj's bald head. The elephant trumpeted.

"Be still," said Deesa. "Chihun is your master for ten days. Now bid me good-by, beast after mine own heart. Jewel of all elephants, adieu!"

Moti Guj lapped his trunk round Deesa and swung him into the air twice. That was his way of bidding the man good-by.

"He will work for Chihun now," said Deesa to the planter. "Have I leave to go?"

The planter nodded, and Deesa dived into the woods. Moti Guj went back to haul stumps.

deign	savage	injured	veranda
causes	forlorn	irksome	undergrowth

MOTI GUJ.

II

Chihun was very kind to Moti Guj, but the elephant felt unhappy and forlorn. He wanted Deesa again, the savage beatings and the savage caresses. None the less he worked well, and the planter wondered.

The morning of the eleventh day dawned, and there returned no Deesa. Moti Guj was loosed from his ropes for the daily task. He swung clear, looked around, shrugged his shoulders, and began to walk away, as one having business elsewhere.

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"Hi! ho! Come back!" shouted Chihun. "Come back and put me on your neck."

Moti Guj gurgled gently, but did not obey. Chihun ran after him with a rope and caught him up. "None of your nonsense with me," said Chihun.

"Hrrump!" said Moti Guj, and walked off. He strolled about the clearing, making fun of the other elephants, who had just set to work. Chihun reported to the planter, who came out with a whip and cracked it furiously. Moti Guj charged him nearly a quarter of a mile across the clearing, "Hrrumping" him into the veranda.

"We'll thrash him," said the planter.

Two huge elephants were brought and the work given to them. They took big chains with which to beat Moti Guj, but Moti Guj drove them both from the field. That decided the planter to argue no more.

At sundown Moti Guj returned for food. "If you won't work, you shan't eat," said Chihun angrily. "You're a wild elephant. Go back to your jungle."

Chihun's little fat baby, rolling on the floor of the hut, stretched its fat arms toward Moti Guj. The elephant knew well that it was the dearest thing on earth to Chihun. He swung out his trunk with a crook at the end, and a moment afterwards the brown baby was crowing in the air twelve feet above the father's head.

"Great Chief!" said Chihun. "Flour cakes of the best, twelve in number, two feet across, and two hundred pounds' weight of young sugar-cane shall be yours

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this instant. Deign to put down safely that child who is my heart and my life."

Moti Guj tucked the brown baby comfortably between his forefeet, and waited for his food. He ate it, and the brown baby crawled away. Moti Guj dozed, and thought of Deesa. That night he went in search of Deesa, but did not find him either in the undergrowth or at the river.

At dawn Deesa returned. He drew a long breath when he saw that nothing was injured; for he knew something of Moti Guj's temper.

"Call up your beast," said the planter. Deesa shouted in the elephant language, and Moti Guj came.

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He fell into Deesa's arms trumpeting with joy, and the man and the beast wept over each other and kissed each other, and handled each other, to see that no harm had befallen.

"Now we will get to work," said Deesa. "Lift me up, my son and my joy."

Moti Guj swung him up, and the two went to the coffee-clearing to look for irksome stumps.

The planter was too astonished to be very angry.

RUDYARD KIPLING (Abridged and Adapted).

Although Mr. Kipling's birth-place was India, he is an Englishman, and was educated in England. He has traveled over most of the world, and writes of many places.

Some of the most delightful of his stories were written for young people. Such are "The Jungle Book," "Second Jungle Book," "Kim," "Captains Courageous," "Just So Stories," and "Stalky and Co." "Moti Guj" is in "In Black and White," and the story of "The White Seal" is in the "Second Jungle Book."

Copy:

1. The sunshine is bright. The leaves are asleep.

The sunshine is bright, and the leaves are asleep.

Combine in the same way:

2. The owl hooted. The squirrel played.
3. Where are you going? Why do you hurry away?
4. The beavers built dams. No winter came to freeze them.

The sentences that you have made are called ***compound*** sentences.

Find or make ten compound sentences whose parts are connected by **and.**

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tracts	colonies	rebellious
license	congress	determined
quarrel	influence	persevering
surveyor	boundaries	painstaking
scorching	companion	measurements

THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

On a stream in Virginia, in the days when Virginia belonged to the English, there stood a plain little schoolhouse that was known as the Bridges Creek School. Among the boys that used to say their lessons there, was a tall, blue-eyed boy named George, the son of a widow, who lived not far from the school.

George was the sort of boy that not only teachers but other boys like very much. When he studied, he studied hard; and when he played, he played hard. He was large and strong, and excelled all his schoolmates in running and leaping and throwing.

One very likable thing about him was his fairness. Though he was only fourteen years of age, the other boys used to bring him their quarrels to settle, because he could always tell who was in the wrong.

Besides being fair, he was honest and manly. He had a way also of persevering in everything that he tried to do, whether it was working a hard sum in arithmetic, or riding a bucking horse.

He was careful and painstaking in all his school work, but the study that he took most interest in was surveying.

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From this he was learning how to measure land, and how to show the boundaries of estates and farms. He had decided to become a surveyor.

He made surveys all over the neighborhood, and kept regular books in which he entered boundaries and measurements as carefully as if they belonged to real surveys, instead of being school work. He left school before he was sixteen; but he went right on with his study of surveying, and when he was sixteen he was given a surveyor's license.

Surveying was of great importance in those days, be-

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cause there were many Virginians who had large tracts of land, the boundaries of which had to be fixed.

One of these Virginia landowners was a man named Lord Fairfax, whose lands reached beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains. He often visited George's brother,

Lawrence, at Mount Vernon, Lawrence's beautiful home on the Potomac River, and used to meet George there.

He was a queer old gentleman, but he learned to like George very much. This was not surprising, for George's manners were modest and frank and pleasing. As soon as the young surveyor received his license, Lord Fairfax decided to give him a chance to do some real surveying.

In company with a young kinsman of Lord Fairfax's, he was sent out to make a survey of the Fairfax lands

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beyond the Blue Ridge. It was his first journey into the great wilderness, and it was full of interest to him.

There was snow on the mountain tops when the young travelers first set out, but spring was not far away. They rode through thick forests, and over high mountains into a vast and beautiful valley, beside a river that the Indians called the "daughter of the stars."

One night a band of Indians came upon the surveying party, and George had a chance to see an Indian war dance. Up to this time he had not much to do with Indians, but he thought it likely that he should have to deal with them often in his business, so he watched these closely, as they whooped and yelled and twisted and turned.

About two weeks were now passed in a wild country in the mountains, where the work of making the survey was carried on. Most of the time the young surveyors camped out, living on wild turkeys and other game. Each had to be his own cook; chips of wood had to serve for dishes.

One day the wind was so strong that their tent was blown down; another time they were driven out by smoke; another time by rain; and one night the straw on which George was sleeping caught fire, and he was awakened by his companion just in time to escape scorching.

At last the work was finished and George returned home and made his report to Lord Fairfax. His lordship was greatly pleased with what had been done, and

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used his influence to get George appointed public surveyor.

That was the first public office that the young surveyor ever held. But it was by no means the last. While he was still a very young man, he was in command of important movements against the French and Indians, who were fighting with the English for the Ohio Valley.

When the English were at last successful, the young commander returned to Mount Vernon. This was now his own property, for his brother Lawrence had died and willed it to him.

After some years trouble came to Virginia and to all the other English colonies in America. England, the mother country, began taxing the Americans unjustly, and they began to rebel at the injustice.

The English king determined to put down the rebellious spirit of the colonists. In vain did the Americans try to get their rights by petition to the king. There was nothing left for them to do but to take up arms against the mother country.

The Congress of the Colonists asked the master of Mount Vernon to leave his pleasant home, where he had lived for fifteen happy years, and to become the commander-in-chief of the American army. He agreed to do so.

Perhaps you may have read how he led that army, through terrible sufferings and bitter defeats to final victory over the English.

Perhaps you have read, too, that when peace was de-

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clared he became the first president of the United States of America, the nation that he had done so much to

make. Perhaps you know that to this day the name of the young surveyor is the greatest name in American history, the name of—George Washington.

ROSE E. YOUNG.

Miss Rose E. Young, the author of this story, was born in Missouri, and one of her best known books is called "Sally of Missouri." She has written many charming short stories for the *Century*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and *Harper's Magazine*.

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native	liberty	rapture	prolong
mortal	Pilgrim	thrills	protect

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing,—
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride;
From every mountain-side
Let Freedom ring!

My native country thee,—
Land of the noble free,—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

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Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light:
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

Dr. Samuel F. Smith is well known to all Americans as the author of "My Country, 'tis of Thee." He also wrote the hymn "The Morning Light is Breaking."

faun	jealous	approval	Ludovico
studio	Lorenzo	criticism	Ghirlandajo
genius	museum	insulting	Michael Angelo

THE BOY THAT WAS HIRED OUT.

When Michael Angelo was twelve years old, he did a piece of work that greatly pleased the painter Ghirlandajo. Although Michael had not been taught by any one, the artist declared that here was a lad of genius, who should become a painter.

This is what the little boy most wished to do, but he had no hope that his father would for a moment listen to the plan.

Michael's father, Ludovico, was a great man in the state, and thought little of art and artists. He wished

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his son to become a statesman, and this Michael well knew.

Ghirlandajo was so eager to teach the boy, however, that he went in company with Michael to visit his father. The artist then asked Ludovico to place Michael in his studio.

"I wish my son to become a great man in the state, not a dauber and a mason," said Ludovico, who was very angry. When he found how earnest Michael was, however, he gave way.

He would not say that he was willing to place his son with Ghirlandajo. He would not admit that the study of art was study, or that the studio of an artist was anything but a shop.

At last he said to Ghirlandajo: "I give up my son to you. He shall be your servant or anything you please for three years, and you must pay me twelve dollars for his services."

In spite of the insulting words and the insulting terms, Michael Angelo agreed. He was thus hired out as a servant to the artist, whom his father should have paid for teaching him.

Nor was this all. Michael had to suffer much, indeed, in addition to the anger of his father. His fellow-pupils were jealous of his great genius, and they constantly ill-treated him.

Three years passed away, and Michael was still the pupil of Ghirlandajo. One day the boy went to the Gardens of St. Mark, where there was a great and costly

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museum of art works. This museum had been established by Prince Lorenzo, who was the foremost friend of art in the city of Florence.

THE RICCARDI PALACE, HOME OF PRINCE LORENZO, IN FLORENCE, ITALY.

One of the workmen in the garden gave the boy permission to try his hand at copying some of the marble figures there. Michael had studied only painting. He was glad of a chance now to try the chisel, which he preferred to the brush.

He chose for his model. an old figure of a faun, which was a little spoiled. The mouth, indeed, was broken off, but this did not trouble the boy.

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Day after day the boy worked at the piece. From his own fancy, he made a new mouth for it, with the lips parted in laughter and the teeth showing.

When Michael had finished, and was looking at his work, a man standing near asked if he might offer a criticism.

"Yes," answered the boy, "if it is a just one."

"Of that you shall be the judge," said the man.

"Very well, what is it?"

"The forehead of your faun is old, but the mouth is young. See, it has a full set of perfect teeth. A faun as old as this one is would not have perfect teeth."

The lad admitted the justice of the criticism. At once he chipped away two or three of the teeth, and chiseled the mouth so as to give it an aged look.

The next morning when Michael went to remove his faun from the garden, it was gone. He searched long for it, but without success. Finally, seeing the man that had spoken about the teeth, he asked him if he knew where it was.

"Yes," replied the man, "and if you will follow me, I will show you where it is."

"Will you give it back to me? I made it, and have a right to it."

"Oh, if you must have it, you shall."

With that he led the way into the palace of the prince, and there, among the most precious works of art, stood the faun. Michael cried out in alarm, "Prince Lorenzo will never forgive the fact that so rude a piece

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of work has been brought among his treasures of art."

To his astonishment, the man declared that he was himself the Prince Lorenzo, and that he set the highest value upon this work. "I am your friend," he added, "and you shall be counted as my son. You are certain, also, to become one of the great masters of art."

This was great good fortune. Prince Lorenzo was a powerful nobleman, known far and wide to be an excellent judge of works of art. His approval was in itself fame and fortune.

Filled with joy, the lad went straightway to his father's house, which he had been forbidden to enter. Forcing his way to Ludovico, Michael told him what had happened. The father refused to believe the good news until he was led before Prince Lorenzo.

The prince, by way of showing his good-will, then offered Ludovico any post that he might choose. The statesman asked for only a modest place.

"It is good enough," he said, "for the father of a mason."

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON (Adapted).

Mr. Eggleston has lived in the "West," the "South," and the "North," and has written about all parts of the country. Something of the early life of himself and his brother, Edward Eggleston, when they were boys in Indiana, is told in two interesting books, "The Last of the Flat-boats" and "The First of the Hoosiers."

"The Boy That Was Hired Out" is found in Mr. Eggleston's book called "Strange Stories from History," copyrighted in 1885 by Harper and Brothers.

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forty retreated prevailing

MARCH.

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one.

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plowboy is whooping—anon—anon:
There's joy on the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

William Wordsworth was very fond of the country, and spent most of his life among the English Lakes. Some of his simpler poems are "Lucy," "Three Years She Grew in Sun and Shower," "The Daffodils," "Lucy Gray," "The Poet's Boat," and "We Are Seven."

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attic	pirates	raisins	capital
frigate	Emperor	favorite	yachting
barrack	Empress	foretaste	acquaintance

THE EDUCATION OF A YOUNG PRINCE.

Near the city of Potsdam, in Germany, there is a large palace that is called Frederick the Great's "New Palace."

In the topmost story of this palace were the quarters used by the teachers of Prince William and his brother, the sailor Prince Henry, when they were boys.

To any one that had lived in an American or an English house, the bareness of the upper story of this famous palace seemed strange.

This attic was wide in space, and furnished a foretaste of the barrack life that should seem comfort to a German prince. In wet weather it made a capital playground, and many a pane of glass was smashed by the blundering aim of one of the youngsters.

In the park, near the palace, were planted the masts and rigging of a ship. There Prince Henry was taught sailoring, and the spot became a favorite romping-place.

Netting was stretched over the lower space, and once in a while we were turned loose to scramble about the rigging. Some of us then played pirates, and made chase after a crew that had taken refuge aloft.

What was better still, we sometimes took a trip about the neigboring lakes on a small frigate. This craft looked terrible at a distance, with its scowling ports and

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FREDERICK THE GREAT IN THE GARDEN NEAR THE PALACE OF POTSDAM.

man-o'-war yards, but it was really only a little larger than a good-sized ship's cutter.

The trip on this frigate was looked upon by us all as the greatest of our treats. Even to-day the Emperor delights in yachting, and sails his toy frigate whenever he has the chance.

When the day's romp was over, we had tea before going home, always out of doors in fair weather.

The princes' father and mother, who were afterward the Emperor and Empress Frederick, never failed to appear at these times. They said a few words to each of us, and asked after our families, or about the sports of the day.

The Empress in particular, who was then Crown Princess, always looked at our food to see that it was

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wholesome. She also saw that her little sons and daughters, as well as their guests, had their napkins properly tucked under their chins.

The food was of the plainest and most wholesome kind,—bread or toast, fresh milk, and some simple bread-cake, perhaps with big raisins in it.

When the Crown Princess and her husband appeared, no face lighted up with more pleasure than that of Prince William. I remember once—it was at tea on the steam yacht—Prince William whispered to me a fact in which he took great pride, that the cake had been made by his mother.

Of course, at these romps, the idea of expecting fine manners to be observed would have been absurd. Now and then, however, there came into these playground meetings some youngster who had been carefully drilled at home to show particular respect in the presence of the blood royal.

Such a child lived in dread of breaking some fancied rule, and moved about in a very uncomfortable way. Prince William, noted as he justly is for gentleness, could hardly hide his dislike for the little flunkies that were now and then forced upon him.

Not that he laughed at their shyness; in fact, it was he that set the new arrivals at their ease. He tried to discover their leading tastes, and played the games that would please the larger number.

When sport was once under way, it would have taken a keen observer indeed, to say that either Prince

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William or Prince Henry depended upon anything beyond his own head and hands to make the day successful.

It was my fortune, as an American, to be supposed to have a close acquaintance with the red savages of the Wild West. This belief I could in no way shake off, in spite of the fact that at that time I had not even seen an Indian. So it happened that I was often called upon to make plans for Indian warfare.

Prince William knew Cooper from beginning to end, and, for that matter, I was not far behind him. Our Indian studies, therefore, usually turned into playing the part of some Leatherstocking heroes.

In these plays we armed ourselves as queerly as possible, and then crawled through the underbush for the purpose of capturing some other party. The second party was either a tribe of enemies or a company of pale-faces.

But I have said enough to describe Prince William as a plucky, hearty, modest lad, affectionate toward his parents, and thoughtful for the youngsters of his own age with whom he was brought in touch.

POULTNEY BIGELOW (Adapted).

Poultney Bigelow was born in New York, and was educated in America and Europe. He has traveled in all parts of the world, and has met with many adventures. Some of his experiences have been related in his books. "The Education of a Young Prince" is from Mr. Bigelow's book called "The German Emperor and His Neighbors."

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brief gnats melodies gratitude

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I am coming, little maiden,
With the pleasant sunshine laden;
With the honey for the bee;
With the blossom for the tree;
With the flower and with the leaf;
Till I come the time is brief.

I am coming, I am coming!
Hark! the little bee is humming;
See! the lark is soaring high
In the bright and sunny sky,
And the gnats are on the wing:
Little maiden, now is spring.

See the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over;
And on mossy banks so green
Starlike primroses are seen;
Every little stream is bright;
All the orchard trees are white.

Hark! the little lambs are bleating,
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms—a noisy crowd;
And all birds are singing loud;

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And the first white butterfly
In the sun goes flitting by.

Turn thy eyes to earth and heaven:
God for thee the spring has given,
Taught the birds their melodies,
Clothed the earth and cleared the skies
For thy pleasure or thy food—
Pour thy soul in gratitude.

MARY HOWITT.

Mrs. Howitt was an English lady, who loved children and wrote much for them. She was the first person to translate into the English language many of the fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen.

rifle	Matka	Pacific	crooning
fathom	Kotick	roared	halibut
wrench	coughed	scuffle	albatross

THE WHITE SEAL.

Kotick was a little baby seal, all head and shoulders, with pale, watery eyes, as tiny seals must be. But there was something about his coat that made his mother look at him very closely.

"Sea Catch," she said at last, "our baby is going to be white."

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"There never has been such a thing in the world as a white seal," Sea Catch snorted.

"I can't help that," said Matka; "there is going to be one now." And she sang the low crooning seal-song that all the mother seals sing to their babies:

You mustn't swim till you're six weeks old,
  Or your head will be sunk by your heels;
And summer gales and Killer Whales
  Are bad for baby seals.

Are bad for baby seals, dear rat,
  As bad as bad can be;
But splash and grow strong,
  And you can't be wrong,
  Child of the Open Sea!

Of course, the little fellow did not understand the words at first. He paddled and scrambled about by his mother's side, and learned to scuffle out of the way when his father was fighting with another seal, and the two rolled and roared up and down the slippery rocks.

The first thing that Kotick did was to crawl inland. There he met tens of thousands of babies of his own age, and they played together like puppies, went to sleep on the clean sand, and played again.

Little seals can no more swim than little children, but they are unhappy till they learn.

The first time that Kotick went down to the sea, a wave carried him out beyond his depth. His big head

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sank and his hind flippers flew up exactly as his mother had told him in the song, and if the next wave had not thrown him back he would have been drowned.

After that he learned to lie in the pool, and let the wash of the waves just cover him and lift him up while he paddled, but he always kept his eyes open for the big waves that might hurt.

He was two weeks in learning to use his flippers. All that while he floundered in and out of the water. He coughed and grunted and crawled up the beach, and took cat-naps on the sand, and went back again, until at last he found that he truly belonged to the water.

Then you can imagine the times that he had with his companions, ducking under the rollers; or coming in on top of a comber and landing with a swash and a splutter as the big waves went whirling far up the beach; or standing up on his tail and scratching his head as the old seals did; or playing "I'm the King of the Castle," on slippery, weedy rocks that just stuck out of the wash.

Now and then he would see a thin fin, like a big shark's fin, drifting along close to shore. He knew that this was the Killer Whale, the Grampus, which eats young seals when he can get them. Then Kotick would head for the beach like an arrow, and the fin would jig off slowly, as if it were looking for nothing at all.

Late in October the seals began to leave St. Paul's for the deep sea, by families and tribes. Matka and Kotick set out together across the Pacific.

Matka showed Kotick how to sleep on his back, with

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his flippers tucked down by his side, and his little nose just out of the water. No cradle is so comfortable as the long, rocking swell of the Pacific.

This was one of very many things that Kotick learned, and he was always learning. Matka taught him how to follow the cod and the halibut along the under sea banks, and wrench the rockling out of his hole among the weeds; how to skirt the wrecks lying a hundred fathoms below water, and dart like a rifle-bullet in at one port-hole and out at another as the fishes ran.

She taught him, too, how to dance on the top of the waves when the lightning was racing all over the sky, and wave his flippers politely to the Stumpy-tailed Albatross and the Man-of-War Hawk as they went down the wind.

She taught him how to jump three or four feet clear

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of the water, like a dolphin, flippers close to the side and tail curved; to leave the flying-fish alone because they are bony; to take the shoulder-piece out of a cod at full speed ten fathoms deep; and never to stop to look at a boat or a ship, but especially a row boat.

At the end of six months, what Kotick did not know about deep-sea fishing was not worth the knowing. And all that time he never set flipper on dry ground.

RUDYARD KIPLING (Adapted).

Kind hearts are the gardens;
Kind thoughts are the roots;
Kind words are the blossoms;
Kind deeds are the fruits.

Copy:

1. The hen lived on the ground, and the wren lived in a tree.
2. I envy nobody, and nobody envies me.
3. We got Charlie into a corner, and he got himself out of it.
4. I shall bring the fleece, or I shall never come back.
5. The king did not know him, but he turned pale.
6. The brave lad was nearly frozen, but he was still at his post.
7. Then the king commanded, and they brought Daniel.

Write out the parts that make up these compound sentences.
By what words are the parts of the compound sentences connected?
By what mark are these parts separated?
Find or make five compound sentences whose parts are connected by but *and* or.

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patrol	delicate	calendar	protested
debtors	marriage	creditors	principal
cordial	occasion	Candelmas	whirligig

THE NEW YEAR'S COMING OF AGE.

The Old Year being dead, the New Year came of age, which he does, by Calendar Law, as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman's body. Nothing would serve the youth but he must give a dinner upon the occasion, to which all the Days of the year were invited.

The Festivals, whom he appointed as his stewards, were mightily taken with the notion. They had been engaged time out of mind, they said, in providing mirth and cheer for mortals below; and it was time that they should have a taste of their bounty.

All the Days came to the dinner. Covers were provided for three hundred and sixty-five guests at the principal table; with an occasional knife and fork at the sideboard for the Twenty-Ninth of February.

I should have told you that cards of invitation had been sent out. The carriers were the Hours; twelve as little merry whirligig foot-pages as you should desire to see. They went all round, and found out the persons invited well enough, with the exception of Easter Day, Shrove Tuesday, and a few such Movables, who had lately shifted their quarters.

Well, they were all met at last, four Days, five Days, all sorts of Days, and a rare din they made of it. There

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was nothing but Hail! fellow Day! well met, brother Day—sister Day—only Lady Day kept a little on the aloof and seemed somewhat scornful. Yet some said, Twelfth Day cut her out, for she came in a silk suit, white and gold, like a queen on a frost-cake, all royal and glittering.

The rest came, some in green, some in white—but Lent and his family were not yet out of mourning. Rainy Days came in dripping, and sunshiny Days helped them to change their stockings. Wedding Day was there in his marriage finery. Pay Day came late, as he always does; and Doomsday sent word—he might be expected.

April Fool (as my young lord's jester) took upon himself to marshal the guests. And wild work he made of it; good Days, bad Days, all were shuffled together. He had stuck the Twenty-First of June next to the Twenty-Second of December, and the former looked like a Maypole siding a marrow-bone. Ash Wednesday got wedged in betwixt Christmas and Lord Mayor's Day.

At another part of the table, Shrove Tuesday was helping the Second of September to some broth, which courtesy the latter returned with the delicate thigh of a pheasant. The Last of Lent was springing upon Shrovetide's pancakes; April Fool, seeing this, told him that he did well, for pancakes were proper to a good fry-day.

When it began to grow a little duskish, Candlemas lustily called for lights, but this was opposed by all the Days, who protested against burning daylight.

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May Day, with that sweetness which is her own, made a neat speech proposing the health of the founder. This being done, the lordly New Year from the upper end of the table, in a cordial but somewhat lofty tone, returned thanks.

They next fell to quibbles and conundrums. The question being proposed, who had the greatest number of followers—the Quarter Days said there could be no question as to that; for they had all the creditors in the world dogging their heels. But April Fool gave it in favor of the Forty Days before Easter; because the debtors in all cases outnumbered the creditors, and they kept Lent all the year.

All this while Valentine's Day kept courting pretty May, who sat next him, slipping love-letters under the table, till the Dog Days (who are naturally of warm temper) began to be jealous, and to bark and rage.

April Fool, who likes a bit of sport above measure, clapped and halloo'd them on; and as fast as their anger cooled, those mad wags, the Ember Days, were at it with their bellows, to blow it into a flame.

At last, day being ended, the Days called for their cloaks and greatcoats, and took their leaves. Lord Mayor's Day went off in a Mist as usual; Shortest Day in a deep black Fog, which wrapped the little gentleman all round like a hedgehog.

Two Vigils, or watchmen, saw Christmas Day safe home. Another Vigil—a stout, sturdy patrol, called the Eve of St. Christopher—escorted Ash Wednesday.

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Longest Day set off westward in beautiful crimson and gold—the rest, some in one fashion, some in another; but Valentine and pretty May took their departure together in one of the prettiest silvery twilights a Lover's Day could wish to set in.

CHARLES LAMB (Abridged).

Through the bright humor of this story something may be learned of the character of Charles Lamb. Though his life was sad, he did not complain, but always wrote as though he were happy.

When he was a boy of fourteen, Charles Lamb became a clerk in the office of the East India Company, and took the whole care of his mother and sister. His most interesting book for young people is "Tales from Shakespeare," and was written by him and his sister together.

Phœbus chaliced

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (Cymbeline).

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THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

When William Cullen Bryant was a boy, his health was so poor that he could not be in school regularly. He studied at home under private teachers, and in that way prepared for college.

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He was for many years the editor of a newspaper, and wrote fine prose, but he is remembered best for the many beautiful poems that he wrote. "Sella" and "The Little People of the Snow" are story poems. Among the others are "The Death of the Flowers," "To a Water-fowl," and "Waiting at the Gate."

whippoorwill embraced

WHIPPOORWILL SONG.

Let down the bars; drive in the cows;
The west is barred with burning rose.
Unhitch the horses from the plows,
And from the cart the ox that lows,
And light the lamp within the house:

The whippoorwill is calling,
"Whippoorwill, whippoorwill,"
Where the locust blooms are falling
On the hill!

The sunset's rose is dying,
And the whippoorwill is crying,
"Whippoorwill, whippoorwill,"
Soft, now shrill,
The whippoorwill is crying
"Whippoorwill."

MADISON J. CAWEIN.

Make a list of the titles of stories and poems given on pages 204, 187, 188, 26, 42, 163. *With what kind of letter do the important words of these titles begin?*

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officer	division	artillery	necessary
column	Tampico	volunteer	debarkation
occupy	sentinels	chocolate	arrangements

A SOUTHERN OFFICER TO HIS BOYS.

Ship Massachusetts, off Lobos, Feb. 27, 1847.

My dear Boys:—I received your letters with the greatest pleasure, and, as I always like to talk to you both together, I shall not separate you in my letters, but write one to you both.

You will learn, by my letter to your grandmother, that I have been to Tampico. I saw many things to remind me of you, though that was not necessary to make me wish that you were with me. The river was calm and beautiful, and the boys were playing about in boats, and swimming their ponies.

Then there were troops of donkeys carrying water through the streets. They had a kind of saddle, somewhat like a cart-saddle, though larger, that carried two ten-gallon kegs on each side, which was a load for a donkey.

The donkeys had no bridles on, but would come along in

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strings to the river, and as soon as their kegs were filled start off again. They were fatter and sleeker than any donkeys that I had ever seen before, and seemed to be better cared for.

I saw a great many ponies, too. They were larger than those in the upper country, but they did not seem so hardy. I got one to ride around the fort and walls.

This pony had a Mexican bit and saddle on, and paced delightfully, but every time my sword struck him in the flanks, he would jump and try to run off. Several of them had been broken to harness by Americans, and I saw some teams, in wagons, driven four-in-hand, well matched and trotting well.

We had a grand parade on General Scott's arrival. The troops were all drawn up on the bank of the river, and fired a salute as he passed them.

He landed at the market, where lines of sentinels were placed to keep off the crowd. In front of the landing the artillery was drawn up, which received him in the center of the column, and escorted him through the streets to his lodgings.

They had provided for him a handsome gray horse, with rich harness, but General Scott preferred to walk, with his staff around him, so a dragoon led the horse behind us. The windows along the streets we passed were crowded with people, and the boys and girls were in great glee. The Governor's Island band played all the time. There were six thousand soldiers in Tampico.

I think that you would have enjoyed with me the

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oranges and sweet potatoes. Major Smith became so fond of the chocolate, that I could hardly get him away from the house. We remained there only one day.

I have a nice state-room on board this ship; Joe Johnston and myself occupy it, but my poor Joe is so sick all the time that I can do nothing with him.

I left Jem to come on with the horses, as I was afraid that they would not be properly cared for. Vessels are fitted up for the horses, and parties of dragoons are appointed to take care of them.

I do not think that we shall remain here more than one day longer. General Worth's and General Twigg's divisions have arrived. These include the regulars, and I

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suppose that the volunteers will be coming on every day.

We shall probably go on the first down the coast, select a place for debarkation, and make all the arrangements for the arrival of the troops.

I shall have plenty to do there, and am anxious for the time to come. I hope that all may be successful. Tell Rob that he must think of me very often, be a good boy, and always love papa. Take care of Speck and the colts.

Mr. Sedgewick and all the officers send their love to you. Be sure that I am thinking of you, and that you have the prayers of your affectionate father,

R. E. Lee.

Robert E. Lee of Virginia was the son of General Henry Lee, "Light Horse Harry" of Revolutionary fame, and was educated at West Point. He was the chief engineer of the army of General Scott during the Mexican War, and while this war was going on, wrote this letter to his sons.

When Virginia seceded in 1861, he believed it to be his duty to resign his commission, and go with his state. He soon became Commanding General of the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia.

After the war General Lee was president of Washington College (now Washington and Lee University), at Lexington, Va.

Copy:

president	President Washington
governor	Gov. Moore
lord	Lord Fairfax
general	Gen. Scott
captain	Capt. Field
doctor	Dr. Brown
reverend	The Rev. H. W. Beecher

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Bulwer	inquired	occurred	mathematics
senator	accident	graduated	examination
Academy	military	Honorable	Philadelphia

CADET GRANT AT WEST POINT.

I

In the winter of 1838–39, I was attending school at Ripley (only ten miles distant from Georgetown), but spent the Christmas holidays at home. During this time my father received a letter from the Honorable Thomas Morris, then United States Senator from Ohio.

When he read it, he said to me, "Ulysses, I believe that you are going to receive the appointment."

"What appointment?" I inquired.

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"To West Point; I have applied for it."

"But I won't go," I said.

"I think that you will." And I thought so too, if my father did.

Besides this argument in favor of my going to West Point, there was another strong reason. I had always a great desire to travel. Going to West Point would give me the chance of visiting the two great cities, Philadelphia and New York.

This was enough. When these places had been visited, I would have been glad to have a steamboat or railroad accident happen, or any other accident, in fact, by which I might have received a slight injury. What I wished was, not to have to enter the Academy. Nothing of the kind occurred, and I had to face the music.

A military life had no charms for me, and I had not the faintest idea of staying in the army, even if I should be graduated. The encampment, which came before the commencement of studies, was very tiresome.

When the 28th of August came—the date for breaking into camp and going into barracks—I felt as though I had been at West Point always, and that if I stayed till graduation, I should have to remain always. I did not take hold of my studies with eagerness, but I could not sit in my room doing nothing.

There is a fine library connected with the academy. From this cadets can get books to read in their quarters. I devoted more time to these than to the books relating to the course of studies.

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Much of the time, I am sorry to say, was spent on novels, but not those of a trashy sort. I read all of Bulwer's then published, Marryat's, Scott's, Washington Irving's works, and many others.

Mathematics was very easy to me, so that when January came, I passed the examination, taking a good standing in that branch. In French, the only other study at that time in the first year's course, my standing was low.

In fact, if the class had been turned the other end foremost, I should have been near the head. I never succeeded in getting squarely at either end of my class in any one study, during the four years.

cavalry	lieutenant	infantry	imitation
attached	resemble	opposite	Cincinnati
uniform	reviewed	possessed	circumstance

CADET GRANT AT WEST POINT.

II

During my first year's encampment, General Scott visited West Point, and reviewed the cadets. With his commanding figure, great size, and showy uniform, I thought him the finest-looking man that my eyes had ever beheld, and the most to be envied.

I could never resemble General Scott in appearance. But I believe that I did have a feeling for a moment

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that some day I should occupy his place on review, although I had no thought then of remaining in the army.

THE MILITARY GUNS AT WEST POINT.

At last all the examinations were passed. The members of the class were then called upon to name their choice of arms of service and regiments. I was anxious to enter the cavalry, or dragoons, as they were then called. (There was only one regiment of dragoons in the army at that time, and attached to that, besides the full complement of officers, there were at least four brevet second lieutenants.) I put down, therefore, my first choice, dragoons; second, infantry; and got the latter.

Having made first and second choice of two different arms of service, with different uniforms, I could not get a uniform until I knew which place I was to have. No-

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tice did not reach me for several weeks. Then it took at least a week to get a letter to the tailor, and two more to make the clothes and have them sent to me. During all this time I was very anxious.

Soon after the arrival of the clothes, two things happened which gave me a great dislike for military uniform.

A few days after the suit came, I put it on, and went to Cincinnati on horseback. I rode along a street of that city, imagining that everyone was looking at me, with a feeling akin to mine when I first saw General Scott.

A little urchin, bareheaded, barefooted, with ragged trousers held up by a single gallows, seeing me, cried. "Soldier! will you work? No, sir-ee; I'll sell my shirt first!"

The other circumstance occurred at home. Opposite our house in Bethel stood the old stage tavern, where man and beast found shelter. The stableman drank a good deal, but he possessed a sense of humor.

On my return I found him parading the streets, and attending in the stable, barefooted, but in a pair of sky-blue trousers, just the color of my uniform trousers, with a strip of white cotton sheeting sewed down the outside seam in imitation of mine.

The joke was a huge one in the minds of many people, and was much enjoyed by them; but I did not like it so well.

ULYSSES S. GRANT (Adapted).

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Ulysses S. Grant was the eighteenth president of the United States. In the book from which "Cadet Grant at West Point" is taken, "The Personal Memoirs," General Grant tells the story of his whole life. He served as a lieutenant in the Mexican War, and became Commanding General of all the armies of the United States in the Civil War.

HE PRAYETH BEST.

Farewell, farewell! But this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest:
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best,
All things both great and small;
For the dear Lord, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Do not look for wrong and evil,
You will find them if you do;
As you measure to your neighbor
He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile.

ALICE CARY.

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blithe zigzag speckled

BOB WHITE.

There's a plump little chap in a speckled coat,
And he sits on the zigzag rails remote,
Where he whistles at breezy, bracing morn,
When the buckwheat is ripe, and stacked is the corn,
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Is he hailing some comrade as blithe as he?
Now I wonder where Robert White can be!
O'er the billows of gold and amber grain
There is no one in sight—but, hark again:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Ah! I see why he calls; in the stubble there
Hide his plump little wife and babies fair;
So contented is he, and so proud of the same,
That he wants all the world to know his name:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

GEORGE COOPER.

Many of the most pleasing poems of George Cooper are about birds and plants and out-door life. "The Wind and The Leaves," "Autumn," and "The Return of the Birds" are among the best known.

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PROPER NAMES AND FOREIGN WORDS.

A zores (å zōrz′)
Ar naux (ar′ no)
Bar ce lō′ na
Cai ro (kī′ ro)
Chihun (chē′ ŭn)
Con stan ti no′ ple (-ō-)
Da rī′ us
Europe (ū′ rŭp)
Ex cal′ i bur
Fil i pi no (fil ĭ pē′ no)
Frig′ ga
Gal′ a had
Ghir lan da jo (gẽr lản dä′-yo)
Hes per′ i des (-dēs)
Hi a wa tha (he a wä′ tha)
Hoo′ sac
Jey pore (jī′ pōr)
kĭ mō′ no
Kō′ tick
La fay ette (lå fâ yĕt′)
Laun ce lot (lản′ se lot)
Lē o nar′ do
Lu do vi co (-vē′ co)
Mai da (mī′ da)
Ma nil′ a
Michael Angelo (mī′ kĕl-ăn′ jẽ lō)
Mos′ kee
Moti Guj (mō′ tē guj)
Pä′ los
Phil ip pine (fĭl′ ĭp pĭn)
Quack a li na (-lī′ na)
Ro set′ ta
Si er ras (sē ĕr′ ras)
Sioux (sōō)
Ta hi ti (tä′ hẽ tẽ)
Tam pi co (tam pē′ ko)
Thôr
Vĕn′ ice
Wō′ din
coir (koir)
sa bot (så bō′)
sa laam (så läm′)
de pot (dē′ po)

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